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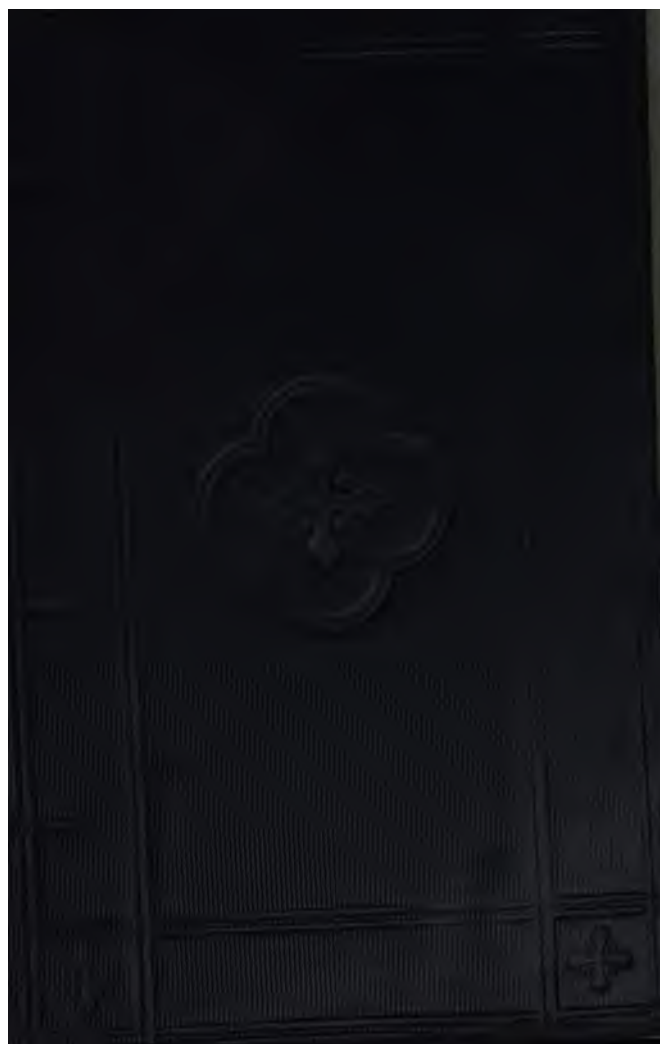
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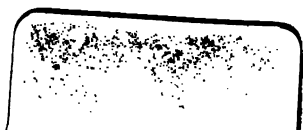
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H Y M N S

ADAPTED TO

THE CHURCH SERVICES

THROUGHOUT

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR:

With a Selection of Metrical Psalms.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

MDCCCLX.

147. d. 176.



WHEN THEY HAD SUNG AN HYMN, THEY WENT OUT
INTO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.



FROM THE PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION (1850):
REVISED AND ABRIDGED.

WITH the "Psalms" and Canticles of the Hebrew Scriptures, the Church, from the earliest times, obedient to the apostolic precept, associated "Spiritual Songs and Hymns" distinctively evangelical. The Psalter itself, which formed the great staple and storehouse of praise, was "transfigured into a Christian import by the use of the *Gloria Patri*." The *Gloria in excelsis* supplied a morning, the *Gladdening Light* (preserved by St. Basil) an evening devotion.* The "spiritual songs" of St. Luke could not be forgotten in the primitive worship:

Thou hast an ear for Angels' songs,
A breath the Gospel trump to fill;
And taught by thee the Church prolongs
Her hymns of high thanksgiving still.†

Last of its class arose the *Te Deum*. Of Gallican origin, its authorship is unknown. God has hidden the grave of Moses: "his record is on high."

The non-metrical series of devout effusions, constructed on the Hebrew type, and marked only by cadence or rhythm, terminates here. The Hymn, strictly so called, dates from St. Ambrose and St. Gregory. These great fathers had many followers, whose hymns survive though their names have perished. The fabulous ascription of the *Veni Creator* to Charlemagne only shows in what obscurity the enquiry is shrouded. "Of such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing, men

* Preface to *Hymni Ecclesiae e. Brev. Paris*. Oxford, 1838. The *Gladdening Light* (No 16 in this collection) is the most ancient post-apostolic hymn of the Christian Church.

† Christian Year: St. Luke.

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famous in their generations, some there are which have left a name behind them, and some have no memorial."

The Rhyming Mediæval Hymns form a class by themselves. Of these the *Lauda Sion* (No. 181) recalls Thomas Aquinas, and the spirit of St. Bernard breathes in the *Jesu dulcis memoria* (No. 106). But most of this class are also nameless; nor can it now be known to what genius is due the thrilling solemnity of the *Dies iræ*, or the profound though erring pathos of the *Stabat Mater* (Nos. 29 and 90.)*

The revival of letters and of a classical taste gave birth to a new group of hymns more ornate than those of the Ambrosian family, but still—despite the criticism *Accessit latinitas, recessit pietas*—imbued with much of the ancient reverential spirit.† These are the work of Gallican authors, and are embedded

* The *Dies iræ*, though adapted (*Missal. Rom.*) to the Mass for the Dead, is more strictly an Advent Hymn. "Le *Dies iræ* semble avoir été composé plutôt pour le premier Dimanche de l'Avent. En effet cette *Prose* roule en entier sur le jugement dernier, excepté l'invocation *Pie Jesus*, qui y a été très manifestement ajoutée, lorsqu'on l'adopta pour les morts."—*Liturgie Catholique, Art Prose*, Paris, 1844.

† "L'engouement de la Renaissance pour l'art païen du siècle d'Auguste s'emparait de tous les esprits, et les siècles suivants devaient être témoins, en France, de plusieurs tentatives de ce genre. Le Saint Pape Pie V. avait conservé dans le Bréviaire réformé par ses ordres les anciennes *Hymnes*, mais le Pape Urbain VIII., qui réussait dans ce genre de compositions, goûtait médiocrement le style de ces *Hymnes*, conservées par son dixième prédécesseur. Les *Hymnes* furent retouchées, mais il ne fut pas aussi facile de les faire admettre. La France conserva les anciennes. Il se fit en cette circonstance une scission qui, croyons-nous, contribua beaucoup à l'émancipation liturgique dont le dix-septième siècle donna le signal." *Lit. Cath. Art. Hymne*.

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in the Parisian Breviary. The hymns *Nil laudibus nostris* and *Supreme Motor cordium* (Nos. 5, 62) are among the best of this class.

The Latin hymn can only pass into general use through the medium of translations ; and the absence of these, as well as the original impulse of devout feeling craving poetical expression has led, in England and Germany, to the formation of Vernacular Hymnologies. In these, it must be owned, the dross bears an enormous proportion to the ore. Diction alternately jejune and inflated, false fervours, spurious sentiment, irreverent familiarity of tone, largely deface, in special, many English hymns. Even where these blemishes are avoided, a coldly elegant propriety of phrase is often-times all that is reached. In this case the composition is a hymn only in name. The true hymn, though calm, is fervid : it expatiates in a loftier region than that of mere correctness : it is the free triumphant utterance of a soul that rejoices while it adores.

Sit laus plena, sit sonora,
Sit jucunda, sit decora,
Mentis jubilatio.

The attempting too much is perhaps the secret of the occasional failure of even our best hymn-writers. They have been too prolific by far. The growth of a genuine hymnology is that of the oak, not of the mushroom. To produce even one hymn truly worthy of the name is no light or every-day achievement. Not without meaning is Thomas Aquinas painted, in a church at Bologna, as inditing the *Lauda Sion* from the dictation of Angels.* So true is it that psalms and hymns, "as being praises and thanksgivings, are the language, the ordinary converse, as it may be called, of Saints and Angels in Heaven.

* *Mores Catholici*, Book V. Chap. 3.

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In this light they are more difficult than prayers. Beggars can express their wants to a prince; they cannot converse like his courtiers.”*

“Bringing forth out of the treasury things new and old,” and comparing the better specimens of both, it is refreshing to note how, in the serene heights of sacred aspiration, devout minds mutually converge which are often unhappily parted far asunder in the lower region of polemical strife. Still in very many hymns of all classes emendation on various grounds is unavoidable. Where and how to retouch, or even recast, and where, on the other hand, to refrain, are difficulties on the successful solution of which the worth of any hymn-book must largely depend. Results must speak for themselves to the few who are competent, from familiarity with the field, to compare and judge. In this book, consistently with emendation, often free and copious, in obedience to what seemed a devotional advantage or even a plain necessity, a critical eye will perceive that the text of hymns best entitled to rank as classical, and often gratuitously tampered with, is scrupulously respected and restored. One such instance is *The spacious firmament* of Addison, not to be found unaltered in any collection with which the Editor is acquainted. Another is a hymn with a history—*God moves in a mysterious way.*† No worse than tasteless touch would ever have substituted *dark* for *bright* in the second stanza of that hymn had it

* Preface to *Hymni Eccles. e Brev. Paris.*

† “This is the last hymn composed by Cowper. His spirit had been darkening daily till late in the autumn of 1772, when during one of his latest walks he composed these noble verses. The face of that nature which he loved, and of the Creator whom he thus praised, were to be hid from his sight for many years.”—*Note in Memes's Edition*, 1834.

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been remembered that these verses are Cowper's farewell to reason. Our Lord, on the eve of His Passion, met *His* infinite sorrow with a strain of praise: "When He had sung an hymn, He went out into the Mount of Olives." No comment on these solemn words could be more touching and true than the spectacle of our Christian poet deliberately *confronting* his own foreseen privation of reason in the spirit of child-like trust; taking in lowly faith the Father's hand on the threshold of that great darkness into which he was entering; and spending the last light of his beautifully endowed mind, and the last accents of his musical and golden tongue, in the confession that God was "doing all things well." "His *dark* designs!" Cowper wrote "His *bright*:" so writing he was taking his conscious leave of reason; yet his reason never served him better than when he selected so.

* * * * *

No compilation of this kind, the Editor ventures to think, could be at all complete did it neglect what has become so devotionally endeared as the "grave sweet melody" of the Metrical Psalm. Accordingly he has made it his aim to assemble the best specimens of version or imitation with which he was acquainted—specimens, it is hoped, representative at once of the variety of subject-matter in the Psalter, and of the variety of styles of transfusing it; embracing, as they do, at once the moral and devotional, the historic and the prophetic Psalms, and ranging from the nervous literality of the old Scotch rendering to the polished paraphrase of Addison.*

To this Edition three Tables are prefixed. In the

*Where imitation, and a certain freedom of *paraphrase*, decidedly prevail over simple transfusion, the product, however, is treated as a Hymn—e. g. Nos. 7, 19.

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first of these it will be observed that, as a system of double numbers, one for hymn and one for page, only generates confusion, the hymns alone are numbered. Table II. which developes the main idea of adjustment to the Prayer-Book, assumes an arrangement for seven singings each Sunday—after the Third Collect, before the Communion Service, and before and after Sermon. It will be seen that this Table provides for the *liberation* of hymns suitable in the second degree to other seasons than their primary. The small figure, throughout the book, below the number of each hymn, marks the *group* of Tunes (Table III.) one of which, according to the metre, will be found suitable to that hymn, and is meant always to be used with it. For it is never advisable to have more than one tune for the same words.

Apart from the main purpose of such a work as the present, its collateral uses are varied and important. Nor will the labour bestowed on it be vain should this book conduce, however slightly, with others of its class, to the unfolding those germs of unity with which our higher devotional literature is rife, and which “men of good will” will not be slow to appreciate; should it help the aspirations of the solitary worshipper, or minister to the sweet pieties of the Christian home; should it soothe in any case the dreary vigils of sickness; sway the tempted spirit to the right and good by the spell of remembered song; people the vacant moments of every-day life with thoughts that belong to the after-world; or occupy the opening heart and intelligence of youth with a group of devout associations and images for which no subsequent culture shall generate a distaste inconsistent with the awfulness or the beauty of religion.

October, 1860.

I. TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

MORNING.

- 1 Awake my soul, and with the sun . . . Bishop Ken.
- 2 Lord and Maker, low we bend . . . St. Ambrose: R. Br.
- 3 The sun ascends the heavenly height . . . Ambrosian: R. Br.
- 4 From the Father's glory shining . . . St. Ambrose: R. Br.
- 5 Our praise Thou need'st not, but thy love . . . Paris. Brev.
- 6 Lord, when we bend before thy throne . . . Carlisle.
- 7 When all thy mercies, O my God . . . Addison.
- 8 My God was with me all this night . . . Mason.
- 9 O timely happy, timely wise . . . Keble.
- 10 Father of lights, before thine eye . . . Recast.
- 11 Again, O God, I open my eyes . . .
- 12 O Thou who, when Thou hadst begun . . . Recast.

EVENING.

- 13 All praise to Thee, my God, this night . . . Bishop Ken.
- 14 Source of light and life divine . . . St. Gregory: R. Br.
- 15 Ere the daylight dies away . . . Ambrosian: R. Br.
- 16 Gladdening Light of holiest ray . . . Prim. Gk. Hymn.
- 17 O Thou true Life of all that live . . . Ambrosian: R. Br.
- 18 As every day thy mercy spares . . .
- 19 The spacious firmament on high . . . Addison.
- 20 On the dewy breath of even . . . Elliott.
- 21 'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze . . . Keble.
- 22 Father, to thy kind love we owe . . .
- 23 All-Holy Sovereign of the sky . . . Ambrosian: R. Br.
- 24 O God of Bethel, by whose hand . . . Doddridge.

ADVENT.

- 25 Creator of the starry poles . . . Ambrosian: R. Br.
- 26 Hosanna to the living Lord . . . Bishop Heber.
- 27 Hark the glad sound, the Saviour come . . . Doddridge.
- 28 Thou Judge of quick and dead . . . Recast.
- 29 Day of wrath, O day of mourning . . . *Dies iræ*: R. Miss.
- 30 That day of wrath, that dreadful day . . . *Dies iræ*: Scott.
- 31 The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake . . . Bishop Heber.
- 32 O Saviour, is thy promise fled . . . Bishop Hober.

TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

CHRISTMAS.

33 O Saviour, whom this holy morn	. Bishop Heber.
34 While Bethlehem's shepherds	. Tate. Sc. Par.
35 O come, all ye faithful	. <i>Adeste fideles.</i>
36 Angels from the realms of glory	. J. Montgomery.
37 Hark, the herald Angels sing	. C. Wesley.
38 Hark, what mean those holy voices	. Cawood.
39 Jesu, whom nations all adore	. R. Brev.
40 The Son of God, to bloodless war	. Bishop Heber.
41 O Thou who gav'st thy servant grace	. Bishop Heber.
42 Hail, blossoms of Christ's martyr-crown	. Prudentius : R. Br.
43 O weep not o'er thy children's tomb	.
44 The year begins with Thee	. Keble.

EPIPHANY.

45 Of Judah's cities noblest far	. Prudentius: R. Br.
46 Brightest and best of the sons	. Bishop Heber.
47 Christ, whose glory fills the skies	. C. Wesley.
48 Light of those whose dreary dwelling	. Toplady.
49 We sing the bright and morning star	. Reddome.
50 Lord, when Thou didst come from Heaven	. Bishop Coxe.
51 By cool Siloam's shady rill	. Bishop Heber.
52 Messiah, Lord, who, wont to dwell	. Bishop Heber.
53 What though in poor and lowly guise	. Adapted C. Y.
54 The Twelve stood breathless	. Hemans.
55 Behold the amazing gift of love	. Sc. Paraphr.
56 Alleluia! ever-swelling	. <i>Alleluia, dulce</i> [carmen.]

SEPTUAGESIMA.

57 O who is like the Mighty One	. Moir.
58 O God Supreme, in rapt amaze	. Par. Brev.
59 The new-born world immersed in night	.
60 Child of the earth, O lift thy glance	. Hemans.
61 O God, by whom the seed is given	. Bishop Heber.
62 Great Mover of the heart, whose hand	. Par. Brev.

LENT.

63 Father of mercies, hear	. St. Gregory: R. Br.
64 O Lord, turn not thy face away	.
65 Attend, and mark the solemn fast	. Morrison Sc. Par.
66 Saviour, when in dust to Thee	. Grant.

TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

67	Come unto Me, all ye who mourn	. Blair, Sc. Par.
68	Lord, in this thy mercy's day	. Is. Williams.
69	O help us, Lord : each hour of need	. Milman.
70	O Thou whose tender mercy hears	.
71	Forth from the dark and stormy sky	. Bishop Heber.
72	God of my life, to Thee I call	. Cowper.
73	When gathering clouds around I view	. Grant.
74	Thou Refuge of the weary soul	. Recast.
75	O for a closer walk with God	. Cowper.
76	O Thou whose mercy guides my way	. Edmeston.
77	Refuge of the troubled soul	. C. Wesley.
78	Come let us to the Lord our God	. Morrison, Sc. Par.

PASSION-TIDE.

79	Ride on, ride on in majesty	. Milman.
80	When I survey the wondrous Cross	. Watts.
81	Rock of ages, cleft for me	. Toplady.
82	A voice upon the midnight air	.
83	He knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed	. Hemans.
84	When our heads are bowed with woe	. Milman.
85	Sing, my tongue, the Saviour's glory	. <i>Pange, lingua.</i>
86	Bound upon the torturing tree	. Milman.
87	And now, O Christ, reproached, reviled	. Par. Brev.
88	Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him	.
89	Behold the Saviour on the Cross	. Blair Sc. Par. ,
90	By the Cross in anguish weeping	. <i>Stabat Mater</i> : R. Br.
91	The sun from his meridian height	. Par. Brev.
92	All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow	.

EASTER.

93	Morn of morn, and day of days	.
94	Ye sons and daughters of the Lord	. <i>O filii et filias.</i>
95	Father of peace, and God of love	. Doddridge.
96	Jesus lives ! to Him the throne	. German.
97	Lowly He lay, in grave beneath	. R. Brev.
98	Like morning on the waiting sight	. Adapted L. In.
99	Lord, and what shall this man do ?	. Keble.
100	The Apostles wept with hearts forlorn	. Rom. Brev.
101	Again the dawn gives warning meet	. Par. Brev.
102	With Christ we share a mystic grave	.
103	When Israel, of the Lord beloved	. Scott.

TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

- 104 The Lord my pasture shall prepare . Addison.
 105 When He, the Truth, gives tidings clear Watts.
 106 Thy sweet remembrance, Lord, imparts . St. Bernard: R. Br.
 107 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . Newton.
 108 Let Christian faith and hope dispel . Logan, Sc. Par.

ASCENSION.

- 109 Hail the day that sees Him rise . Madan.
 110 Christ, above all glory seated . Ambrosian: R. Br.
 111 Jesu, hail, enthroned in glory .
 112 Where high the heavenly temple stands Logan, Sc. Par.
 113 Thou who didst stoop below .
 114 Come let us join our joyful songs . Watts.

WHITSUNTIDE.

- 115 Spirit of truth, on this thy day . Bishop Heber.
 116 Creator Spirit, Lord of grace . *Veni, Creator.*
 117 Holy Spirit from on high . *Veni, Sancte.*
 118 The offerings to thy throne which rise .
 119 The Spirit breathes upon the Word . Cowper.
 120 Come, Holy Spirit, from above . Watts.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

- 121 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty . Bishop Heber.
 122 Lord and Father, great and holy . Farrar.
 123 Three in One, and One in Three . * * *
 124 The fiery sun is gone . St. Ambrose: R. Br.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

- 125 Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray . Doddridge.
 126 Father of all, we bow to Thee . Blair, Sc. Par.
 127 Almighty Father of mankind . Logan.
 128 O Father, though the anxious fear .
 129 Why pour'st thou forth thine anxious . Sc. Par.
 130 Master and Lord, to own thy love .
 131 O God, we own thy sovereign grace . Doddridge.
 132 Amidst the mighty, where is he . Morrison, Sc. Par.
 133 Earth, with her ten thousand flowers .
 134 Eternal Source of every joy . Doddridge.
 135 Thou art, O God, the life and light .
 136 Thy glory, Lord, the heavens declare . J. Montgomery.
 137 Thou whose Almighty Word . Marriot.

TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

God, all nature owns thy sway	. Williams.
od, 'tis good thy praise to swell	. Recast.
er of all, whose awful voice .	. J. Wesley.
l us with thy gentle sway .	.
igh troublesprings not from the dust	Sc. Par.
can resist the Almighty arm	Sc. Par.
moves in a mysterious way .	. Cowper.
ou who in the light dost dwell	. Paris. Brev.
way is in the deep, O Lord .	.
mit thou all thy griefs German.
are thy servants blest, O Lord	. Addison.
ighty King, whose wondrous hand	. Cowper.
en the worn spirit wants repose	. Edmeston.
at Shepherd of thy people, hear	. Newton.
er of mercies, in thy Word, .	. Steele.
l, it belongs not to my care .	. Baxter.
ord, my best desire fulfil .	. Cowper.
ice, ye faithful, in the Lord .	. Newton.
l, have merey when we pray .	. Milman.
Son of God, in doing good .	. Adapted C. Y.
hou whose care our footsteps guides	Recast.
hou who givest all their food .	. Conder.
ing of earth, and air, and sea	. Bishop Heber.
e still shall hold an endless reign	Sc. Par.
em not they are blessed alone	.
r sweetly flowed the Gospel sound .	.
saints below accordant sing .	. Watts.
glorious universe around .	. J. Montgomery.
'er the past my memory strays	. Bishop Middleton.
l, forgive me day by day, .	.
Holy Saviour, 'twas not thine	.
appy is the man who hears .	. Logan Sc. Par.
nd, ye tribes that dwell remote	. Sc. Par.
OLY DAYS.	
h let the anthem soar R. and P. Brev.
t are the pure in heart .	. Keble.
en languor and disease invade	. Toplady.
re is a land of pure delight .	. Watts.
itness-host by us unseen .	. Sc. Par.
me the wings of faith to rise	. Watts.

TABLE OF SEASONS AND SOURCES.

- 177 Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve . Doddridge.
- 178 Jerusalem, my happy home Dickson.
- 179 How bright these glorious spirits shine .
- 180 Who are these, like stars appearing . German.

SPECIAL.

- 181 Praise thy Saviour, Sion, praise Him . Th. Aquinas,
- 182 Sing, my tongue, the body broken . *Pange, lingua.*
- 183 Bread of the world, in mercy broken . Bishop Heber
- 184 Forbid them not, the Saviour said . Doddridge.
- 185 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding . German.
- 186 Lord, we trust in thy protecting .
- 187 God's house on high! it ever rings . R. Brev.
- 188 O Thou whose own vast temple stands .
- 189 Lord, whose temple once did glisten . Butler.
- 190 From Greenland's icy mountains . Bishop Heber
- 191 Lord of the harvest, once again . .
- 192 Father of mercies, God of love . . Needham.
- 193 The last full wain has come, has come . Brettell.
- 194 Praise to God, unceasing praise . . Barbauld.
- 195 Beneath our feet and o'er our head . Bishop Heber
- 196 Few are thy days and full of woe . Sc. Par.
- 197 Take comfort, mourners, when your . Sc. Par.
- 198 Child of God, thy days are ended . C. Wesley.
- 199 For thy mercy and thy grace . .
- 200 O God, our help in ages past . . Watts.

METRICAL PSALMS.

201—250.

II. TABLE OF APPROXIMATE USE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.

Season.	Morning.				Evening.		
	1	2	3	4	1	2	3
ADVENT: Sun. 1	25	225 b	26	1	27	232	13
2	31	229	29	1 b	152	208 b	30
3	27	247	32	163	29	238	17
4	30	214	28	3	26	231	32
CHRISTMAS: DAY	33	223	35	37	34	232 b	39
Sunday 1	38	236 b	35	43	199	204	24
Circumcn.	9	239	44	7	199	201	200
Sunday 2	40	223	36	76	41	238	200
EPIPHANY.	46	226	45	4	49	227	16
Sunday 1	46	230 b	51	49	45	211	16
2	47	215	52	2	48	202	14
3	50	227	53	3	190	226	15
4	56	212	54	4	47	233 b	17
5	11	220	48	5	56	232 b	50
6	9	229	55	6	23	235	56
SEPTUAGESIMA.	57	208	177	59	58	249	19
Sexag.	196	234 c	61	141	60	249 c	23
Quinquag.	195	233	62	12	161	208 c	24
LENT: Ash Wed.	64	222	63	70	65	235	63
Sunday 1	66	219	66 b	67	68	208 b	64
2	74	220	69	75	73	218	78
3	77	203	70	65	75	246	72
4	78	213	71	67	74	221	21
5	76	229	72	66	77	224	78
PASSION-TIDE. 6	79	204	88	80	84	239	81
Thurs. b. E.	85	220	182	82	83	224	183
G. FRIDAY.	87	244 b	90	89	86	228	91
Easter Eve.	84	244	92	81	92	228	91
EASTER: DAY.	93	234	94	95	103	206	97
Sunday 1	98	240	106	101	16	217	97
2	99	209 b	104	141	103	238	95
3	100	237	105	96	174	226	17
4	101	240 b	10	95	176	248	179
5	102	249 b	107	9	108	242	21

TABLE OF APPROXIMATE USE.

Season.	Morning.				Evening.		
	1	2	3	4	1	2	3
ASCENSION : DAY.	109	210	110	114	111	205	113
Sunday.	109	205	112	111	113	210	114
WHITSUNTIDE.	115	243	116	119	117	212	120
TRINITY SUNDAY.	122	234 b	121	123	123	250 b	124
SUNDAYS AFTER 1	125	241	5	130	13 b	236	24
2	128	241 b	71	139	140	233	16
3	150	241 c	154	6	141	242	18
4	151	241 d	173	3	145	249 c	15
5	136	209 c	147	8	135	214	20
6	143	246	102	2	127	230 b	14
7	138	208 c	7	7 b	189	207	19
8	127	233 b	126	139	13 b	249	21
9	144	234	146	152	153	212	23
10	1	230 c	68	1 b	13	209	13 b
11	2	246 b	156	118	146	232	14
12	119	234 c	157	3	22	208	20
13	143	221 b	158	163	137	218	18
14	192	225	10	150	161	213	194
15	134	216	160	159	149	242	22
16	162	247	84	8	20	209	15
17	9	245	164	151	165	210	21
18	1	209 b	11	1 b	13	236 b	13 b
19	148	221 b	7	7 b	155	216	131
20	3	225 c	166	8	19	233	15
21	4	230	132	140	169	201 b	16
22	6	241	167	5	168	230 c	18
23	1	241 b	178	1 b	13	213	13 b
24	129	241 c	184	142	16	242	22
Sun. b. Ad.	170	241 d	12	187	127	250	24
v DAYS.	171	201 b	176	177	174	249 b	178
All Saints.	179	205	172	175	178	210	180

III. TABLE OF TUNES.

Group	Common.	Long.	Short.	P
1	Abridge	Angel's Hymn	Baden	Germ
2	Arnold	Ben-Nevis	Falcon Street	Grove
3	Artaxerxes	Duke Street	Franconia	Innoc
4	Ballerma	Hanover	Prague	Italy
5	Bangor	Luth. Hymn	St. Bride's	Sicilia
6	Bedford	Old Hundr.	Wirksworth	Tune p
7	Cambridge N.	Old Saxony		Hym
8	Coleshill	Portugal		
9	Dundee	Port. Hymn		
10	Eastgate	Rockingham		
11	Evan	Soldau		
12	French	Tranquillity		
13	Felix	Wareham		
14	Irish	Winchester N.		
15	Kilmarnock	Warrington		
16	London New			
17	Martyrdom			
18	Morven			
19	Norwich			
20	Oldham			
21	Peckham			
22	Peterborough			
23	Saxony			
24	St. Ann's New			
25	St. Asaph's			
26	St. David's			
27	St. George's			
28	St. Laurence's			
29	St. Mary's			
30	St. Paul's			
31	St. Stephen's			
32	Tallis			
33	Torwood			
34	University			
35	Walsal			
36	York			



WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD : WE ACKNOWLEDGE THEE
TO BE THE LORD.

DAY BY DAY : WE MAGNIFY THEE.

AND WE WORSHIP THY NAME : EVER WORLD WITH-
OUT END.

O YE WINTER AND SUMMER, BLESS YE THE LORD :
PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM FOR EVER.

O YE NIGHTS AND DAYS, BLESS YE THE LORD :
PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM FOR EVER.

O YE HOLY AND HUMBLE MEN OF HEART, BLESS YE
THE LORD : PRAISE HIM, AND MAGNIFY HIM FOR
EVER.





**The day is thine, and the night is thine: Thou hast prepared the
light and the sun.**

- 1. AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun**
- 14 Thy daily stage of duty run ;**
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Thy precious time mis-spent, redeem,
Each present day thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.

In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon-tide clear :
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

MORNING.

- b. ALL praise to Thee, who safe hast kept
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art,
O, never then from me depart :
For to my soul, 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew :
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, Angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

MORNING.

With my soul have I desired Thee in the night: yea with my spirit
within me will I seek Thee early.

2. LORD and Maker, low we bend,
1 Hear our supplicating cries;
And thy light eternal send
With the freshly dawning skies.

They who stormy billows ride
Gladly hail the morning's ray;
He who thrice his Lord denied
Found repentance with the day.

Let us then our hearts arouse,
Morning calls us to awake:
Bids us haste to pay our vows,
And our meek confessions make.

Jesu! Master! when we fall,
Turn on us thy healing face;
With that look our souls recall
Unto penitential grace.

Sin's destructions, Lord, repair,
In our darkened bosoms shine:
Thine the early morning prayer,
Morning hymns of glory thine!

Glory to the Father be,
Equal glory to the Son,
With the Spirit, One and Three,
While eternal ages run.

MORNING.

Man goeth forth to his work, and to his labour until the evening.

3. THE sun ascends the heavenly height :

28 To Thee, our God, we pray,
That Thou, the uncreated Light,
Would'st guide us through the day.

Oh, let no sin our hands defile,
Or tempt our feet to rove ;
Upon our lips be found no guile,
Within our hearts be love.

And lest the flesh, all unsubdued,
Subdue the yielding soul,
Turning to ill thy gifts of good,
Each rebel sense control.

So when the sun has sunk to rest,
And stars of evening shine,
Thy children, with unburdened breast,
Shall laud the Name Divine.

To God the Father glory be,
Like glory to the Son,
With Blessed Spirit, One in Three,
Eternal Three in One.

MORNING.

I am the Light of the world : he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness.

4. FROM the Father's glory shining,
5 Out of light unfolding light,
Light of Light, all light enshrining,
Day, in whom the day is bright !

Sun of suns ! upon us lighten
With thy pure perpetual gleam ;
Fill our hearts, our senses brighten,
With thy Spirit's hallowing beam.

In each strong resolve to aid us,
We implore Thee, Lord of might ;
Through each rugged chance to speed us,
Thought and act to guide aright.

Morn rides forth, the light revealing :
O'er us be thy brightness poured,
Son, in Father's fulness dwelling,
Father in co-equal Word.

To the Father praise unending,
To the Son and Spirit blest,
Still from every heart ascending,
Be for evermore address.

MORNING.

God is love.

5. OUR praise Thou need'st not, but thy lo
12 Our Father and our Friend,
Would have our prayers thus soar above,
In blessings to descend.

Thy secret judgments' depths profound
Still sings the silent night ;
The day, upon his golden round,
Thy pity infinite.

The soul, lost in astonishment,
Would speechless wonder fill ;
But, in the ravished bosom pent,
Praise cannot all be still.

Feeble and faint we fain would tell
Of our great Father's love,
Tempering the ills that with us dwell,
And pledging good above.

Thither would our best thoughts aspire,
But chains on us abide :
O quicken Thou our faint desire,
And to thy presence guide.

MORNING.

Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will
look up.

6. LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
11 And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits pitying see,
When tears repentant start ;
And let a healing ray from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise,
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to Thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosoms share
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies ;
And teach our hearts 'tis Goodness still
That grants it or denies.

MORNING.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

7. WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
30 My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

b. TEN thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

MORNING.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

I laid me down and slept, and rose up again ; for the Lord
sustained me.

8. My God was with me all this night,
18 And gave me sweet repose :
My God did watch, e'en whilst I slept,
Or I had never rose.

Lord, for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I pay ;
And unto Thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

Let this day praise Thee, O my God !
And so let all my days :
And O let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

MORNING.

His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.

9. OH! timely happy, timely wise,
14 Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

MORNING.

Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and c
down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variabl
neither shadow of turning.

10. FATHER of lights ! before thine eye

1 The heavens no longer shine ;
And all the glories of the sky
Are but a shade of thine.

Yet on thy children here below
Thou lavishest thy care ;
And to thy sleepless love we owe
Each gift of good we share.

In all the good from Thee that flows
May we the Giver see ;
Nor let the gifts thy hand bestows
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide :
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

And since, too oft, in wayward mood,
Our weak and darkened will
Would thrust aside the hidden good,
And grasp the tempting ill :

Not to the wish, but to the want,
Do Thou thy gifts apply ;
The good unasked in mercy grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

MORNING.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to
wisdom.

11. AGAIN, O Lord, I ope my eyes
Thy glorious light to see,
And share the gifts so largely lent
To thankless man by Thee.

And why has God o'er me this night
The watch so kindly kept ?
And why have I so safely waked,
And why so sweetly slept ?

And wherefore do I live and breathe ?
And wherefore have I still
The mind to know, the sense to choose,
The strength to do thy will ?

Is it to grow unto the world
As glides the world from me ;
Be one day nearer to the grave,
And farther, Lord, from Thee ?

No ! thus too many days I've spent,
To Thee, then, this be given :
Teach what I owe to man below,
And to Thyself in Heaven.

O bring me to my Saviour's Cross
For mercy for the past :
And make me live the coming day
As if it were my last.

MORNING.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

12. O THOU, who, when Thou hadst begun
31 To form the earth and sky,
Until thy six-days' work was done,
Laid'st not thy labour by :

O Thou, whose love such sorrow bore
The sons of men to save,
And never knew one pause before
It rested in the grave :

Lord of unsleeping love, to Thee
Our daily praise we pour ;
And still, whate'er our tasks may be,
In these thy help implore.

Our arms shall know no idle rest,
Our hearts no labour flee ;
Yet, when the hand hath done its best,
The blessing is of Thee.

O God, Thou hast us still in view
When out of human sight ;
Then teach us what we find to do
To do with all our might.

And take us to our Sabbath rest
When earthly toil is o'er ;
Thee, Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
To praise for evermore !



Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to praise
Thee.

- 13.** ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,
¹³ For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose !
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

EVENING.

-
1. ALL praise to Thee in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made :
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in thy sight ;
My soul, O, lighten and inflame
With thought and love of thy great Name.

Shine on me, Lord ; new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart ;
One ray of thy all-quickening light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice ;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, Angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING.

We are not of the night nor of darkness.

14. SOURCE of light and life divine,
1 Thou didst cause the light to shine,
 Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
 O'er thy new-created earth.

Shades of eve and morning ray
Took from Thee the name of day :
Now again the night is nigh,
Listen to our contrite cry.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest ;
May no thoughts impure and vain
Souls set free to earth enchain.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Fix them on the heavenly prize ;
Help us in our daily strife,
Guide us on the road to life.

Honour, glory, love, and praise,
Be through never-ending days
To the Father and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

EVENING.

Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

15. **ERE** the daylight dies away,
3 Lord of all, we lowly pray
Of thy pitying love to keep,
And to shield us while we sleep.

Guard from dreams that bring affright,
Terrors of the lonesome night :
Guard us from each ghostly foe ;
Pure and peaceful rest bestow.

Gracious Father, grant this boon,
Through thine own co-equal Son ;
With the Spirit throned on high,
God through all eternity. Amen.

At evening-time it shall be light.

16. **GLADDENING** Light of holiest ray,
3 Brightness of th' eternal Day,
With the blessed Father One,
Jesus Christ, the only Son :

In the west the day hath died,
Thou dost light our eventide ;
We, as nature's light grows dim,
Father, Son, and Spirit hymn !

Praise to Thee for evermore
Holy voices gladly pour ;
Thee, of life the Lord and Giver,
All the earth doth bless for ever. Amen.

EVENING.

God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.

17. O THOU true Life of all that live,
6 Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guid'st the day :
Thy light upon our evening pour,
So shall our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be.
Father of mercies ! hear our cry ;
Hear us, O sole-begotten Son,
Who, with the Holy Ghost most high,
Reignest while endless ages run.

So He giveth his beloved sleep.

18. As every day thy mercy spares
6 Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend ;
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.
When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies !
And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesu, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

EVENING.

Day unto day uttereth speech : night unto night addeth know

- 19.** THE spacious firmament on high,
6 With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim :
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The works of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
- The Hand that made us is divine.

EVENING.

Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense, and let the
lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.

20. ON the dewy breath of even
6 Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to Thee.

Thou, whose favours without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath our Father's keeping
Calm we rest in placid faith.

Lord, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know and feel thee near!

EVENING.

Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent.

21. 'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
13 Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul ! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live :
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the Voice Divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above.

EVENING.

He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness.

22. FATHER, to thy kind love we owe
3 All that is fair and good below ;
Bestower of the health that lies
On tearless cheeks and cheerful eyes :

Giver of sunshine and of rain,
Ripener of fruits on hill and plain ;
Fountain of light, that, near and far,
Fills the vast urns of sun and star !

Yet 'tis not thus, Good Lord, alone,
Thy mercy and thy power are shown ;
For we have learned with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our changeless Stay,
Sole Trust when life shall pass away ;
Giver of Gift unspeakable,
Raising the fallen with Thee to dwell :

Patient with countless sins to bear,
Slow to avenge, and kind to spare ;
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full quickly to thy erring child !

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING.

When I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me.

- 23.** **ALL-HOLY** Sovereign of the sky,
8 Whose voice creative throned on high
Those orbs that shine so bright and fair,
And thy Almighty power declare :

By thy appointment to divide
The morning from the evening tide ;
With influence sweet the earth to cheer,
And bless with grateful change the year :

Shine on our hearts, Thou better Day,
And inward darkness chase away ;
Let danger flee before thy smile,
And sin no more our souls defile.

Such blessings, Lord, our prayers implore,
This evening and for evermore ;
Hear us, O Father, hear, O Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

EVENING.

**The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting
Arms.**

24. O God of Bethel ! by whose hand
12 Thy people still are fed ;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led :

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace :
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our faltering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O spread thy covering wings around
Till all our wanderings cease ;
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
From Thee, of trusting hearts the God,
And portion evermore.



Once in the end of the world hath He appeared, and unto them
that look for Him shall He appear the second time.

25. CREATOR of the starry poles!

4 Eternal Light of faithful souls,
Jesu, Redeemer, bow thine ear,
Thy suppliants' call in pity hear :

Who, sin to cleanse, and death to quell,
A Man with men on earth didst dwell ;
In fulness of the ages born,
Sole Succour of a world forlorn :

At vision of whose glory bright,
At naming of whose Name of might,
High Heaven above and hell below
In reverence or in trembling bow :

Almighty Judge, to Thee we pray,
Judge of that last and dreadful day,
Protect us through the unearthly fight
With armour of celestial light.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, power, and majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

ADVENT.

Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the
highest.

- 26.** **HOSANNA** to the living Lord !
14 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word !
 To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
 Let earth, let Heaven hosanna sing.

Hosanna, Lord ! thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! thy saints reply :
Above, beneath, wide earth around,
The dead and living swell the sound.

O Saviour, with protecting care
Abide in this thy house of prayer :
Assembled in thy sacred Name,
Thy parting promise here we claim.

But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Bid thine Eternal Spirit rest ;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.

So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.

The Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek,
 . . . to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

- 27.** **HARK** the glad sound ! the Saviour come !
27 The Saviour promised long :
 Let every heart prepare his home,
 And every voice be song.

ADVENT.

He comes, the captives to unbind
Subdued to Satan's sway ;
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to heal,
The wounded spirit cure ;
To soothe the mourners, and reveal
Good tidings to the poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim ;
And never shall thy people cease
To bless thy holy Name.

The Lord is at hand.

28. THOU Judge of quick and dead !

5 Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
All souls must yet appear :
Our souls betimes prepare
For that great Judgment-day :
To work thy will, be this our care,
To work, to watch, to pray.

To God, all souls who made,
Each soul must swift return :
Their doom whose trust on God is stayed,
Their doom His love who spurn :
Soon mortal life must cease ;
May its first labour be,
To live that we at last in peace
Our Father's face may see. Amen.

ADVENT.

Men's hearts failing them for fear.

29. DAY of wrath ! O day of mourning !
6 Prophet word of woe affirming !
Heaven and earth to ashes burning !

O the boding heart's foredooming,
When the Judge Supreme is coming,
All our sins severely summing !

Hark the Trump like thunder swelling
Through Death's lone sepulchral dwelling,
All before the Throne compelling !

Death and Nature mutely wonder,
While the Dead from darkness sunder,
Striotest reckoning to render.

Whence shall succour then be cravèd ?
Sinful we, defiled, depravèd :
E'en the just are scarcely savèd.

King of majesty tremendous,
Then thy mercy sweet extend us :
Fount of pity, *then* defend us !

Bear in mind, O Saviour holy,
Thou for us wast poor and lowly :
Lose not us who trust Thee solely.

Faint and weary, Thou hast sought us,
On the Cross of suffering bought us ;
Lose not that thy love hath wrought us.

ADVENT.

Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest !

Worthless are my prayers and sighing :
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying !

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning
Man for Judgment must prepare him :
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !

Lord all-pitying, Jesu blest,
Grant us thine eternal rest. Amen.

The voice of the Archangel and the trump of God

30. THAT day of wrath ! that dreadful day,
¹⁰ When heaven and earth shall pass away !
What power shall be the sinner's stay ?
How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parchèd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll ;
When, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high Trump that wakes the dead :

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to Judgment wakes from clay,
Be THOU the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away !

ADVENT.

Then shall they see the Son of Man coming in a cloud, with
and great glory.

31. THE Lord will come ! the earth shall quake ;

**5 The mountains to their centre shake ;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.**

**The Lord will come ! but not the same
As once in lowliness He came ;
A silent Lamb before his foes,
A weary Man, and full of woes.**

**The Lord will come, with Angel-throng,
And trumpet sounding loud and long ;
The ancient hills shall bow their head,
And ocean's depths give up their dead.**

**The Lord will come, a glorious Form,
With wreath of flame and robe of storm ;
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of humankind.**

**Can this be He who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ?
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene, the Crucified !**

**Woe to the proud ! for hark the call,
Rocks, hide us ! mountains, on us fall !
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, The Lord is come !**

ADVENT.

Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare
thy way before Thee.

32. O SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?

6 Nor longer might thy grace endure
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?
Come, Saviour, come ! return again ;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to Heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home :
Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

Come, Saviour, come ! and, as of yore,
The Prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day :
So, ere again we see thy face,
Our yearning hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of grace,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.



He came unto his own, and his own received Him not.

33. O SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
6 Gave to our world below,
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe :

Incarnate Word, by every grief,
By each temptation tried ;
Who lived to yield our woes relief,
And to redeem us, died !

If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger-bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

If, pressed by poverty severe,
In anxious want we pine,
O may thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was thine.

Throughout this changeful earthly scene
From sin preserve us free ;
Like us Thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

CHRISTMAS.

Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

14. WHILE Bethlehem's shepherds watched their

24 In silence of the night, [flocks

The Angel of the Lord appeared,
And filled the plains with light.

"Fear not," he said (for sudden dread
Had seized their troubled mind);
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

"To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of Angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:-

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will is shown by Heaven to men,
And nevermore shall cease."

CHRISTMAS.

Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which
to pass.

35.

O come all ye faithful,
Rejoicing, triumphant,
To Bethlehem come ye with gladsome accord
See Him an Infant,
Monarch of Angels!
O come then and adore we,
O come then and adore we,
O come then and adore we Christ the Lord.

One with the Father,
Brightness of Brightness,
The womb of the Virgin He hath not abhorred
Son of the Father,
Son uncreated!
O come then and adore we—
Christ the Lord.

Lift your hosannas,
Chorus of Angels!
Let heaven be filled with the lofty accord:
To God in the highest
Be glory, be glory!
O come then and adore we—
Christ the Lord.

Jesu, Redeemer!
Glad is thy Natal Day:
Gladly to Thee are our praises poured:
Word of the Father,
Incarnate to save us!
O come then and adore we—
Christ the Lord.

CHRISTMAS.

Let all the angels of God worship Him.

- 36.** ANGELS from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth !
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing.
Yonder shines the Infant light !
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints before the altar bending,
Waiting long in hope and fear ;
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam from far :
Seek the great Desire of nations ;
Ye have seen his natal star :
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Virgin-Born ! from glory bending,
Us thy suppliant people see ;
Succour to our weakness lending,
Through thy pure Nativity :
Thee we worship,
Three in One, and One in Three.

CHRISTMAS.

Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace, goodwill towards men.

- 37.** HARK the herald Angels sing
1 "Tidings glad of joy we bring:
Praise to God in highest Heaven!
Peace on earth to man is given."

Joyful nations spread the song,
Joyful they the praise prolong;
With the Angel-host proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Christ, by highest Heaven adored!
Christ, the everlasting Word!
Clothed in flesh, behold Him come,
Scorning not the Virgin's womb.

Meek He lays his glory by;
Meek He veils his Deity!
Glad we lift the loud acclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

Unto us a Child is born: unto us a Son is given.

- 38.** HARK! what mean those holy voices,
5 Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the Angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly alleluias rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
On the midnight floating by:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

CHRISTMAS.

Peace on earth, goodwill to mortals ;
Christ, the Lord, is born to-day !
Wide He opes the eternal portals,
Chasing sin and death away ! ”

Sons of men, repeat the story ;
Sing the gladness of his birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth !

The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

39. JESU, whom nations all adore !

6 In whom the Father's face we see,
Hear Thou the prayers thy people pour,
This day, throughout the world, to Thee.

Remember, Lord, in light arrayed,
That Thou didst stoop our woes to share ;
That Thou, on mother-bosom laid,
An infant's feeble form didst wear.

Such the glad news this festal night
From year to year doth duly tell,
How from thy Father's glory bright
Thou cam'st on lower earth to dwell.

Jesu ! the Virgin-Mother's Son,
To Thee all praise and glory be,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Now and through all eternity.

CHRISTMAS.

Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.

- 40.** **THE Son of God to Bloodless war**
25 Goes forth his crown to gain ;
His conquering banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain ;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save :

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong :
Who follows in his train ?

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain :
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train !

St. Stephen's Day.

CHRISTMAS.

The disciple whom Jesus loved.

41. O THOU who gav'st thy servant grace,
11 Amid the storms of life distress,
To look on thine incarnate face,
And lean on thy protecting breast :

To see the light that dimly shone,
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,
Pure Image of the Eternal One,
Through shadows of the mortal veil !

O grant us, Lord of Mercy, still
Thy presence round our path to prove ;
Be ours to wait thy ordering will,
And trust the leadings of thy love :

And, when the toils of life are done,
And nature waits her Lord's decree,
To find our rest beneath thy throne,
And look, in humble hope, to Thee !

St. John the Evangelist's Day.

CHRISTMAS.

The first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.

- 42.** HAIL, blossoms of Christ's martyr-crown,
13 Whom the fierce foe around hath strewn ;
As rose-buds in the early morn
Are by the ruthless whirlwind shorn.

Sweet lambs of Christ ! unasked ye gave
Your lives for Him who came to save ;
Ye smiled beneath the murderer's frown,
Ye sported with your martyr's crown.

O'er Bethlehem's coasts a wail is spread,
And hearts are wrung, and joys are fled ;
But One survives the carnage wild,
The Virgin-Born, the Royal Child !

Thee, Virgin-Born, for aye we praise,
And high thy natal glory raise ;
Thee, Father ! Spirit ! we adore,
Blest Three in One, for evermore.

The Innocents' Day.

Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted,
because they are not.

- 43.** O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb,
11 O Rachel weep not so !
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in Heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
Failed of its deadly aim :
The Lord for whom they gave their life
Has given his own for them.

CHRISTMAS.

Though evil were their days and few,
Baptized in blood and pain,
HE knows them whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
O Rachel weep not so !
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in Heaven shall blow.

The Innocents' Day.

The fellowship of his sufferings.

The Master.

44. THE year begins with THEE,
1 And Thou begin'st with woe ;
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

The Disciple.

Art *thou* too born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe ?
And seems it hard thy youthful years
Few youthful joys can show ?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely called to part ?

Look here and hold thy peace :
The Giver of all good
Even from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou would'st reap in love,
First sow in holy fear :
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

The Circumcision of Christ.



We have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

- 45.** Of Judah's cities noblest far,
9 Thou Bethlehem, with thy crowning Star ;
Whose chosen lap received from Heaven
The Incarnate Lord for sinners given.

Soon as the Wise the Child behold,
Their Eastern gifts they straight unfold;
And, prostrate all, the Lord before,
With incense, gold, and myrrh adore.

Incense for Babe Divine they bring,
With royal gold salute the King ;
With spicy dust of fragrant myrrh
They shadow forth his Sepulchre.

Jesu ! be Thou for ever blest,
Who, to the Gentiles manifest,
With Father, Spirit, Three in One,
Art God, while endless ages run.

EPIPHANY.

When they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him
gifts : gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.

46. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

⁶ Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining ;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and incense divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine ?

Offer thy best ! yet each ample oblation,
If thou bring not thy love, will no favour secure ;
Dearer to God is the heart's adoration,
The mite of the widow, and the prayers of the
[poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid.

EPIPHANY.

Unto you that fear his name, shall the Sun of righteousness arise,
with healing on his wings.

- 47.** CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies !
4 Christ, the true eternal Light !
Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Triumph o'er the shades of night :
Day-spring from on high, be near :
Day-star, in our hearts appear !

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If it be bereft of Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams we see :
Till they inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.

Visit, Lord, this heart of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Pierce with radiancy divine
Mists of doubt and unbelief :
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light.

- 48.** LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
5 Borders on the shades of death !
Come, and, sin's deep gloom dispelling,
Shine upon the realms beneath.
Thou of life and light Creator,
On our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring day upon our eyes.

EPIPHANY.

Still we wait for thine appearing :
Joy serene thy beams impart,
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart.
Pardon, Lord, our deep demerit,
Every burdened soul release :
By the shining of thy Spirit,
Guide us into perfect peace.

I am the bright and the morning star.

49. WE sing the bright and Morning Star,
 Well-spring of light, and joy, and love ;
 See how its rays, diffused from far,
 Conduct us to the realms above.

Its cheering beams, spread wide abroad,
Point out the troubled Christian's way ;
Still as he goes, he finds the road
Enlightened with a constant day.

Thus when of old the Wise Men brought
Their royal gifts, a star appears,
Directs them to the Babe they sought,
And guides their steps and calms their fears.

Lord, may we reach that land of light
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine,
Leave far behind these scenes of night,
And view a lustre so divine !

EPIPHANY.

The star which they saw in the east went before them.

50. LORD, when thou didst come from Heave
Edom sought Thee from afar,
With her gold and incense given,
By the leading of a star :
Westward then, the Wise Men guiding,
Was the light of Bethlehem shed ;
Like the pillared blaze abiding
O'er the wandering Hebrew's head.

Westward still, the midnight breaking,
Westward still that light be poured !
Heathen thy possession making,
Utmost lands thy dwelling, Lord !
There be heard, ye Herald Voices,
Till the Lord his glory shows ;
And the lonely place rejoices
With the bloom of Sharon's rose !

Where the wilderness is lying,
And the trees of ages nod,
Westward, in the desert crying,
Make a highway for our God :
Westward, till the Church be kneeling,
In the forest aisles so dim ;
And the wild-wood arches pealing
With the people's holy hymn.

Westward still, O Lord, in glory
Be thy bannered Cross unfurled,
Till from vale to mountain hoary
Rolls the anthem round the world ;
Reign, oh ! reign, o'er every nation,
Reign, Redeemer, rightful King ;
And with songs of thy salvation
Let wide earth rejoicing ring.

EPIPHANY.

Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill
- 6 How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath 'neath Carmel's hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo ! such the child whose early feet
The path of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms 'neath Carmel's hill
Must shortly fade away :

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will smite the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine !
Whose years, with changeless radiance crowned,
Were all alike divine :

From thought's young dawn to parting breath,
By this thy pattern shown,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
Lord, keep us still thine own !

EPIPHANY.

Both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage.

52. MESSIAH Lord ! who, wont to dwell

11 In lowly scenes and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be
At Cana's poor festivity :

Oh, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think of Thee ;
And, seated at the festal board,
With faith's clear eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in memory's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,
And think, even now, thy searching gaze
Each secret of our souls surveys !

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

He loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue.

53. WHAT though in poor and lowly guise

5 Thou here didst sojourn, Virgin-born !
Yet from thy glory in the skies
Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn :
For Love delights to bring her best,
And where Love is, the least is blest.

EPIPHANY.

Love on the Saviour's dying head
Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,
May mount his Cross, and wrap Him Dead
In spices from the golden shore ;
Spread for Him Risen her frugal board,
And, tending *his*, so tend the Lord.

Be she in poor or costly trim,
Still Love will by her Lord be known ;
The widow's mite was marked by Him
Who praised the good Centurion :
For this then, Christ ! we lift our plea ;
The gift to use thy gifts for Thee.

He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great
calm.

54. The Twelve stood breathless in their dread,
14 And baffled in their skill ;
But ONE was there who rose and said
To wind and wave, Be still.

He spake : the tempest at his word
Fled from the angry sky ;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And fell beneath his eye.

O Thou, that in its wildest hour
Didst rule the tempest's mood,
By thy meek Spirit's noiseless power
Be fiercer strife subdued !

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandate to fulfil,
Lord, quell Thou passion's surging tide,
And bid the storm be still !

EPIPHANY.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that
we should be called the sons of God.

55. BEHOLD the amazing gift of love

24 The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God !

Concealed as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when He came
Even God's eternal Son.

High is the rank we now possess,
But higher we shall rise ;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes :

Our souls, we know, when He appears,
Shall bear his image bright ;
For all his glory, full disclosed,
Shall open to our sight.

A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure ;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ Himself is pure.

EPIPHANY.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?

56. ALLELUIA ! ever-swelling

As the surge that sweeps the shore :
Music sweet past mortal telling
Sung the Father's Face before :
Chosen chant of those whose dwelling
Is with God for evermore.

Alleluia ! strains of gladness
Gird the angel-guarded throne ;
Where the Blessed know no sadness,
Where the Pure no sin bemoan :
Hushed are Salem's songs of gladness
By the streams of Babylon.

Alleluia ! Love unsleeping,
Painless Love, the praise may pour ;
Hearts with joy the harvest reaping
Precious seed that tearful bore :
Eyes that God still dims with weeping,
Eye and voice must sin deplore.

Eye, voice, heart, to God appealing,
From the deeps we sorrowing cry :
Bring us where thy Hand all-healing
Tears from every cheek shall dry :
Then shall we, in that revealing,
Alleluia sing on high !



In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.

57. O who is like the Mighty One,
25 Whose throne is in the sky ;
 Who compasseth the Universe
 With his all-seeing eye !
 At whose creative word appeared
 The dry land and the sea !
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !

 Around Him suns and systems swim
 In harmony and light ;
 Beside Him harps angelic hymn
 His praises day and night :
 Yet to the contrite, day and night,
 In mercy turneth He !
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !

 Yes, though unlimited his works,
 His power upholds them all ;
 He clothes the lilies of the field,
 And marks the sparrow's fall :
 The ravens young cry not in vain ;
 Then will He pass not me !
 My spirit thirsts for Thee, O Lord,
 My spirit thirsts for Thee !

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Praise Him, sun and moon : praise Him, all ye stars of light !

58. O GOD Supreme, in rapt amaze
4 On thy celestial works we gaze,
Adorning heaven's refulgent height
With brilliant orbs of sparkling light !

The glowing sun rules o'er the day,
The moon o'er night with paler ray ;
The starry host around the pole
In glittering ranks resplendent roll.

But e'en the sun, the radiant crown
Of heaven, doth know his going down ;
The moon hath times her orb to fill,
The stars' set courses own thy will.

These, rolling on their ceaseless way,
Steal and give back the light of day :
But Thou dost e'er unchanged remain,
Thy years, thy truth, can never wane !

Let then no troubled heart despair,
Watched o'er by thy paternal care ;
If for eternal joy we strive,
In joy eternal we shall live.

Supremest praise and glory be,
O ever-blessed God, to Thee !
Who in thy bosom bid'st us pour
Our cares and griefs for evermore. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

God said, Let there be light ; and there was light.

59. THE new-born world immersed in night

28 And gloomy horrors lay :
The Almighty said, Let there be light !
And poured the boundless day.

Thus, o'er the spirit-world within,
Let beams immortal shine ;
Scatter, O Lord, the clouds of sin,
And spread a dawn divine.

Attendant on this sacred light,
Celestial fire impart ;
And let the ray that guides my sight
Inflame my frozen heart.

Thus all the powers this spirit knows
Shall to my God be given ;
Sweet as when Aaron's incense rose
In fragrant clouds to heaven.

What is man, that Thou art mindful of him ?

60. CHILD of the earth ! O lift thy glance

6 To yon bright firmament's expanse ;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Count o'er those lamps of quenchless light
That sparkle through the shades of night ;
And what *thou* art, O child of clay,
Amid creation's glory, say !

Yet fear thou not : the Sovereign Hand
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a Father's care.

Be thou at peace : the All-seeing Eye
Pervading earth, and air, and sky,
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still in mercy turned on thee.

The seed is the Word of God.

31. O God, by whom the seed is given,
15 By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast :

Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air,
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do Thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Sexagesima.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest
these is charity.

62. GREAT Mover of the heart, whose hand
10 Doth all its secret springs command,
The love that doth thy holy will,
Thou only canst that love instil.

Faith, Hope, and Love together meet
On earth, in combination sweet ;
But Love alone shall reign above,
For Love is Heaven, and God is Love.

O Love ! O Truth ! O endless Light !
Can it then be that this dim sight
Shall thy unclouded beauty see,
And evermore repose in Thee !

Our precious seed we sow in tears,
And watch its growth with anxious fears ;
A bounteous harvest soon will bless
The labours of the wilderness.

Thrice-Holy God, who reign'st above,
Increase in us Faith, Hope, and Love :
And may the grace by Thee bestowed
Prepare us for thy pure abode.

Quinquagesima.



Spare thy people, O Lord.

- 63.** FATHER of mercies, hear,
5 Thy pardon we implore,
While constant through this sacred Fast
Our prayers and tears we pour.

Searcher of hearts, to Thee
Our helplessness is known :
Be then to those who seek thy face
Thy free forgiveness shown.

How numberless our sins,
Lord, we confess with shame ;
Yet spare, and heal our broken hearts,
Spare, for thy glorious Name.

And grant us, while we strive
The body to control,
To fast from all the food of sin,
And purify the soul. Amen.

Ash-Wednesday.

LENT.

Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight
man living be justified,

64. O LORD, turn not thy face away
29 From us who lowly lie,
Lamenting sore our sinful life
With tears and bitter cry.

Thy mercy-gate is open wide
To those who mourn their sin ;
O shut it not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

We need not to make bare our faults
To Thee who best can tell ;
What we have been, and what we are,
Thou knowest, Lord, full well.

Ere human time began its flight
Thou knew'st what things were then ;
Thou all things know'st that have been done
Among the sons of men.

Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to Thee ;
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

Mercy, good Lord, mercy we ask,
This is our only prayer ;
For mercy, Lord, is all our suit :
Oh, in thy mercy spare ! Amen.

LENT.

Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . To deal thy bread
the hungry.

65. ATTEND, and mark the solemn fast

26

Which to the Lord is dear ;
Disdain the false unhallowed mask
Which vain dissemblers wear.

Do I delight in sorrow's dress ?
Saith He who reigns above ;
The hanging head and rueful look,
Will they attract my love ?

Let such as feel oppression's load
Thy tender pity share ;
And let the helpless homeless poor
Be thy peculiar care.

Go, bid the hungry orphan be
With thy abundance blest ;
Invite the wanderer to thy gate,
And spread the couch of rest.

Let him who pines with piercing cold
By thee be warmed and clad ;
Be thine the blissful task to make
The downcast mourner glad.

Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days ;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

LENT.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows.

66. SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
3 Low we bow the adoring knee ;
When repentant to the skies
Scarcely we lift our streaming eyes ;
Oh, by all the pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany.

By thy Birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy Fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By the dread permitted hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
Jesu ! look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn Litany.

b. By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flowed
Over Salem's loved abode,
By the troubled sigh that told
Treachery lurked within thy fold ;
Listen, Saviour, to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

LENT.

By thine Agony of prayer
Poured upon the midnight air ;
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
Cross and Passion, pangs and cries,
By thy perfect Sacrifice ;
Jesu ! listen from the sky
To our solemn Litany.

By thy deep expiring groan,
By thy sufferings unknown ;
By thy Resting in the grave,
By thy Rising strong to save :
Risen and ascended Lord,
To thy throne in Heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will
give you rest.

37. COME unto Me, all ye who mourn,
17 With guilt and fears oppressed,
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.

Take up my yoke, and learn of Me
The meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.

For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groaned before
Beneath a load of woes.

LENT.

**Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of
salvation.**

**68. LORD, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass from us away,
On our knees we fall and pray.**

**Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.**

**Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at thy door,
Ere it close for evermore.**

**By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,**

**By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.**

**Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Lest we perish from thy face.**

**Lord, thy love shall stand alone ;
And that love shall then be known
By the mercy Thou hast shown. Amen.**

LENT.

Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me.

69. O **HELP** us, Lord : each hour of need

9 Thy heavenly succour give ;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed,

Each hour on earth we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed

With contrite anguish sore ;

And when our hearts are cold and dead,

O help us, Lord, the more !

O help us, through the prayer of faith,

More firmly to believe,

For still the more the servant hath

The more shall he receive.

Full many a gift thy hand imparts

To strangers from thy fold ;

And Thou wilt ne'er from child-like hearts

The children's bread withhold.

Then help thy suppliants, Lord most High,

We know no help but Thee :

O help so to live and die,

As thine in Heaven to be.

LENT.

Heaviness may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

- 70.** O THOU whose tender mercy hears
29 Contrition's humble cry ;
 Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
 From sorrow's weeping eye :

See, low before thy throne of grace
Thy wandering children mourn ;
Thou, Lord, hast bid us seek thy face,
Thou, Lord, hast said, Return.

Though sins affright, and fears prevail,
Our hope in Thee is stored ;
Thy gracious promise cannot fail,
O prayer-hearing Lord !

To melt each cold and stubborn heart
With heavenly influence shine :
Give strength to choose the better part,
And live the life divine. Amen.

An hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest ; as
rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in
a weary land.

- 71.** FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
6 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

LENT.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest to gain ;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed :
Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Save me, O God ; for the waters are come in, even unto my soul.

72. God of my life, to Thee I call,
7 Afflicted at thy feet I fall :
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail !

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor !

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea ?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

Yea, Lord, the poor and helpless share
Thy kind regard, thy ceaseless care ;
And though they be by man forgot,
Yet God, their God, forgets them not.

LENT.

For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.

73. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain ;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do,
Still He who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in the evil hour.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
He from whose brow, in anguish dread,
The big round drops on earth were shed
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Where sleeps the dust of child or friend ;
Which from the hand, the voice, the smile,
Divides me for a little while ;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For " Jesus wept " o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died !
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

LENT.

Thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.

74. THOU Refuge of the weary soul,
2 On Thee, when cares and sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope alone relies.

Why fear the path of grief to tread,
Why should I shrink from thy decree,
If thus my longing soul be led
A safer, shorter, way to Thee!

A bruised reed Thou wilt not break,
Afflictions all thy children feel;
Thou woundest for thy mercy's sake,
Thou woundest, Father, but to heal.

Thy wondrous ways are all unknown
To the dim ken of mortal sight;
Yet shall the heart adoring own
That all thy wondrous ways are right.

This faith shall every fear control,
This faith shall bid my sorrows fly:
No harm can reach the guarded soul
That rests beneath a Father's eye.

LENT.

that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me!

5. OH for a closer walk with God,
5 A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.

6. O THOU whose mercy guides my way !
26 Though trials seem severe,
Forbid my fainting heart to say,
There is no mercy here.

O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world's supremest gain,
So it entail thy frown.

LENT.

Then, though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see :
The very Hand that strikes the blow
Was wounded once for me !

Hide me under the shadow of thy wings.

77. REFUGE of the troubled soul,
8 Let me to thy shelter fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest riseth high :
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
And receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me !
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing !

Lord, it is not life to live
If thy presence Thou deny ;
Lord, if Thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die :
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee :
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

LENT.

Come, let us return unto the Lord; for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up.

78. COME let us to the Lord our God
6 With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

Long hath the night of sorrow reigned,
The dawn shall bring us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know Him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round,
As showers that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light:
That hallowed morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.



Much people that were come to the feast, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him.

79. RIDE on ! ride on in majesty !

**18 Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry :
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.**

**Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.**

**Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The Angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
To see the approaching Sacrifice.**

**Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh :
Bow thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O Christ, thy power, and reign !
The Sunday next before Easter .**

PASSION-TIDE.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

80. WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
10 On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or gold outshine that thorny crown ?

What meet return can I afford
For woe so deep, for love so free !
My life, O ever-loving Lord !
I give to Him who died for me.

They shall look on Him whom they pierced.

81. Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
3 Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flowed
Be of sin the double cure,
Ransom me, and make me pure !

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal for ever glow,
This for sin could not atone ;
THOU must save, and Thou alone :
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy Cross I cling.

PASSION-TIDE.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-strings break in death,
When I pass to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy Judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me.

82. A VOICE upon the midnight air,
2 Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Breaks forth, in agony of prayer,
 " O Father ! take this cup away ! "

Ah ! Thou who sorrowest unto death,
 We conquer in thy mortal fray ;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
 " O God ! take *not* this cup away ! "

O Lord of sorrow ! meekly die :
 Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe ;
Thy Name refresh the mourner's sigh ;
 Thy peace revive the faint and low.

O King of earth ! the Cross ascend :
 O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne :
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
 The desert blooms, and is thine own.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray ;
 Make but one fold below, above :
And when we go the last lone way,
 O give the welcome of thy love.

PASSION-TIDE.

His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground.

83. HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
6 When but his Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread Agony!
Messiah cried with suppliant breath,
Bowed down with sorrow unto death.

He proved them all, the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread ;
The mists that hang o'er parting life
All gathered round his head :
And the Deliverer knelt to pray ;
Yet passed it not, that cup, away !

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead :
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength, for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way ?
Through Him who felt those pangs so sore ;
Who died, but lives to die no more.

PASSION-TIDE.

Who, in the days of his flesh, offered up prayers and supplications
with strong crying and tears.

84. WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
3 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Gracious Son of Mary, hear !

PASSION-TIDE.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be
any sorrow like unto my sorrow.

85. SING, my tongue, the Saviour's glory!

6 Tell his triumph far and wide!

Tell aloud the solemn story

Of his Body crucified!

How upon the Cross a Victim

Vanquishing in death He died.

For when He to perfect manhood

Doth in mortal flesh attain,

Then of his free choice He goeth

To a death of bitter pain;

And a Lamb upon the altar

Of the Cross, for us is slain!

Lo! He thirsts, and gall is given;

And the thorn, the nails, the spear,

Have his tender Body riven;

Blood and water thence appear:

Awe-struck Angels bend from Heaven,

Gazing on that fountain clear.

To the Everlasting Father,

To the Everlasting Son,

To the Holy Ghost proceeding

Forth from each, Blest Three in One!

Honour, laud, and benediction,

Now and evermore be done.

PASSION-TIDE.

Truly this Man was the Son of God.

86. ³ BOUND upon the torturing Tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the cheek so pale and worn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the torturing Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
Earth that trembles at his doom,
Saints who burst the imprisoning tomb,
Low before thee, Lord, we bow ;
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the torturing Tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the anguished, wailing cry,
Wrung from mortal agony,
By the Body lonely laid
In the chamber of the dead ;
Suffering Lord, thy signs we know ;
Son of Man ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

Bound upon the torturing Tree,
Dread and awful, who is He ?
By the prayer for them that slew,
" Spare ! they know not what they do ;"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
Whence He rises strong to save :
By that clear immortal brow,
Son of God ! 'tis Thou ! 'tis Thou !

PASSION-TIDE.

And He, bearing his Cross, went forth into a place called the
of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha.

- 87.** AND now, O Christ, reproached, reviled,
7 Thy load of shame on Thee they lay;
And meekly, like the Patriarch's child,
Thou wendest on thy weary way.

Slow toiling to the fatal height,
With nails they bind Thee to the Tree
Uplifted there, O wondrous sight!
That all the world may gaze on Thee.

Hope of the world! thy piercèd Hands,
Stretched bleeding from thy mercy-thr
Draw to the Cross the adoring lands:
Such virtue from thy Wounds hath got

We, too, draw near, by Thee we hide,
Lowly we clasp the awful Tree;
Thy piercèd Hands, thy riven Side,
Shall be our fount of purity!

Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do

- 88.** NOT the crowd whose cries assailed Him,
6 Not the hands that rudely nailed Him,
Slew Him on the torturing Tree!
Ours the sin from Heaven that called Him
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him
In the green Gethsemane!

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,
He was slain on Calvary:
Yet He for his murderers pleaded:
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have piercèd, yet trust in Thee.

PASSION-TIDE.

JESU ! in thy dying glorious,
JESU ! on thy Cross victorious,
Lamb of God, for sinners slain !
By thy Blood, for mercy crying,
By thy Passion, Cross, and dying,
May we life eternal gain.

He said, It is finished : and He bowed his head, and gave up the ghost.

89. BEHOLD the Saviour on the Cross,
29 A spectacle of woe !
See from his agonising wounds
The blood incessant flow ;
Till death's pale ensigns o'er his check
And trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
- 'Tis finished, was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bowed his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
- 'Tis finished : the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's power o'erthrown.
- 'Tis finished : all his groans are past ;
His blood, his pain, and toils
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crowned Him with their spoils.
- 'Tis finished : ancient shadows cease,
And Christian ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

PASSION-TIDE.

Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus his Mother.
He said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.

90. BY the Cross in anguish weeping,
6 Lo ! the mournful Mother keeping
Watch beside her dying Son :
Sorrow-stricken, inly groaning,
Christ in agony bemoaning,
Through her soul the sword hath gone.

Who can look, from tears refraining,
On that Mother's sad complaining ;
Who unmoved such woe survey ?
For our sins she saw Him languish,
Saw her Son in mortal anguish,
Saw Him breathe his Soul away.

Pangs like those in spirit bearing,
In that sacred sorrow sharing,
By the Cross our station be !
Love Divine with love returning,
Hearts with Christ a Mourner mourning,
Hearts, Redeemer, pierced with Thee !

Saviour-Lord, on Thee relying,
Grant thy servants peaceful dying,
Grant with Thee from death to rise :
By thy holy Cross defended,
When this mortal life is ended,
May we rest in Paradise.

PASSION-TIDE.

And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.

- 91.** THE sun from his meridian height
10 Now stoops, and day inclines to night :
So life slants downward from the pole,
And hastens to its final goal.

Christ on the Cross at even-tide
His arms to all doth open wide :
Those sheltering arms, in life's last throes,
O dying Christ, around us close.

To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, power, and majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and
setting a watch.

- 92.** ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
6 Taunts, and scorn, and fell despite ;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night ;
Yet once more, to seal his doom,
Christ must sleep within the tomb.

Close and still the cell that holds Him,
While in brief repose He lies ;
Deep the slumber that enfolds Him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes :
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

Calm He sleeps ; with plaintive voicing
Chant his requiem soft and low ;
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow :
" Death and Hell at length are slain,
Christ hath triumphed, Christ doth reign."

Easter Even.



The Lord is risen indeed.

93. Morn of morn, and Day of days !
Silent as the dawning rays,
From the prison of the tomb,
Christ, the Light of lights, has come.
Alleluia

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won :
" Where, O Grave, thy boast ? we sing,
" Where, O Death, thy dreaded sting ?"
Alleluia

Watch no more the lifeless stone !
Christ the Lord is risen and gone !
" Seek not here," the Angels say,
" Lo ! the place where once He lay."
Alleluia

While the dead world sleeps around,
Let the temples wake to sound :
Law and prophet and blest psalm,
Lit with holy light so calm.
Alleluia

Jesu ! to each waiting heart
Paschal gladness bright impart ;
In the light of Easter Morn
Shine Thou on the newly born !
Alleluia

EASTER.

is the day which the Lord hath made: we will rejoice and be
glad in it,

YE sons and daughters of the Lord !
The King of Glory, King adored,
This day Himself from death restored.

Alleluia !

Swift in the early morning grey
Went holy women on their way,
To see the tomb where Jesus lay.

Alleluia !

An Angel robed in white they see,
Who saith, " Ye seek the Lord, but He
Is risen, and goeth to Galilee."

Alleluia !

That self-same night, while out of fear
The doors were shut, their Lord most dear
To his Apostles did appear.

Alleluia !

But Thomas, when of this he heard,
Was doubtful of his brethren's word ;
Wherefore again there comes the Lord.

Alleluia !

When Thomas saw that Wounded Side,
The truth no longer he denied ;
" Thou art my Lord and God," he cried.

Alleluia !

" O Thomas, blest are they," said He,
" Who trust, although they do not see ;
Eternal life their meed shall be."

Alleluia !

Now let us praise the Lord most High,
And strive his Name to magnify
On this great day, through earth and sky.

Alleluia !

Whose mercy ever runneth o'er,
Whom men and Angel-hosts adore,
To Him be glory evermore.

Alleluia !

EASTER.

Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord
Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, make you perfect in
every good work to do his will.

95. FATHER of peace, and God of love !

6 We own thy power to save,
That power by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

Him from the dead Thou brought'st again,
When, by his sacred blood
Confirmed and sealed, for evermore
Th' eternal covenant stood.

O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still ;

That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

I am He that liveth, and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore.

96. JESUS lives ! to Him the throne

6 Over all the world is given :
His will go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

Alleluia !

EASTER.

Jesus lives ! for us He died :
Then alone to Jesus living
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! we know full well
Nought from us his love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Tear us from his keeping ever.

Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath
When we pass its gloomy portal.

Alleluia !

He is not here, for He is risen as He said. Come see the place where
the Lord lay.

97. **LOWLY** He lay the grave beneath,
9 By stone and seal and guard confined ;
Glorious He rose, and buried Death
Deep in the tomb He left behind.

Farewell then, Grave, a long farewell
To funeral tears, and grief and pain ;
O hear yon glistening Angel tell,
Death's conquering Lord is risen again !

O Jesu ! to each waiting breast
Unceasing paschal gladness be ;
With Father and with Spirit blest,
Unceasing praise we bring to Thee.

EASTER.

Be not faithless, but believing.

98. LIKE morning on the waiting sight
3 Of those He came to save,
The Lord of new-created light
Dawned gradual from the grave.

He stands revealed to Mary's eye
In early twilight's gloom ;
The Women see Him as they hie
With tidings from the tomb.

The Apostle frail, the Travellers Twain,
Have hailed his presence bright ;
The Ten have seen the Lord again ;
But One hath missed the sight.

While seven bright days Christ Risen be
In doubt he lingers on ;
Seven days of hope and joy untold
For evermore are gone.

And when at last the all-gracious Lord
Vouchsafes the awful sign,
Makes answer to his secret word,
And shows the Wounds divine ;

Blame blends with love : O doubting he
Fast by thy Saviour stay !
Choose thou of faith the better part ;
The cloud will roll away.

EASTER.

If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow
thou Me.

99. "LORD! and what shall this man do?"

4 Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?
If his love for Christ be true,
Christ hath told thee of his end:
This is he whom God approves,
This is he whom Jesus loves.

Whether in his lonely course,
Lonely, not forlorn, he stay,
Or with Love's supporting force
Cheat the toil and cheer the way:
Leave it all in His high hand,
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from heaven, if so He will,
Sweeter melodies can wake
On the lonely mountain rill
Than the meeting waters make:
Who the Father hath and Son
May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,
Wealthy, or despised and poor,
What is that to him or thee,
So his love to Christ endure?
When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink
At the touch of natural grief,
When our earthly loved ones sink,
Lend us, Lord, thy sure relief;
Patient hearts, their pain to see,
And thy grace to follow Thee.

EASTER.

And ye now therefore have sorrow; but I will see you again, and
your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.
Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.

100. THE Apostles wept with hearts forlorn
14 Their Master dear to burial borne,
Whom with that death of blood and pain
Unholy hands had ruthless slain.

Yet had the weeping Maries heard
The Angel's sure and welcome word,
"The Lord his own full speedily
Will visit with heart-gladdening eye."

To Galilee's lone mountain height
The Apostles speed their eager flight;
Their Saviour's radiant form behold,
And there rejoice with joy untold.

O Brightness pure, O Light sublime,
Sun of this gladsome Paschal time!
Jesu, from death of sin set free
The sons of life new-born in Thee.

To God the Father praise be paid,
To Christ arisen from the dead;
Thee, Blessed Spirit, we adore:
One God most High for evermore.

God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined
in our hearts.

101. AGAIN the dawn gives warning meet
22 The holy dues to pay;
And with a fresh thanksgiving greet
The fresh return of day:
But from the face of Christ there fled
A darker night away;
His glorious Rising from the dead
Eclipsed the morning ray.

EASTER.

The glories which each night conceals
Each rising sun restores ;
The soul the Mighty Maker feels,
And in his work explores :
But Christ, of hearts the unsetting Light,
A better radiance pours ;
In Him the Father's Image bright
The gazing soul adores.

O ever-blessed Three in One,
Give light and guidance true ;
What Thou forbidd'st give strength to shun,
And what Thou bidd'st, to do.

We are buried with Him by Baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

102. WITH Christ we share a mystic grave ;
24 With Christ we buried lie ;
But 'tis not in the darksome cave
By mournful Calvary.

The pure and bright baptismal flood
Entombs our nature's stain,
And from the cleansing waters forth
With Christ we come again.

Happy if through this world of strife,
And sin, and selfish care,
Our resurrection-mantle white
And undefiled we wear :

If, through the grave, and gate of death,
Glorious at last and free,
We to our joyful rising pass,
O Risen Lord, with Thee !

EASTER.

In the day-time also He led them with a cloud : and all the night
through with a light of fire.

103. WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
6 Out of the land of bondage came,
His father's God before him moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day
Be thoughts of THEE a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops upon our path,
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

I am the Good Shepherd.

104. THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
5 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

EASTER.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would
have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

105. WHEN HE, the Truth, gives tidings clear

¹ Of mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all !

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

EASTER.

Whom, having not seen, ye love.

- 106.** THY sweet remembrance, Lord, imparts
13 Serenest joy to faithful hearts :
But far above all sweetest things
The sweetness that thy presence brings.

What song so tuneful to the ear,
What earthly sound so sweet to hear,
What thought can such delight supply,
As Jesus, Son of God most High ?

Jesu, the contrite spirit's Stay,
And Refuge in the evil day ;
To those that seek Thee ever kind,
But what, O what, to those that find !

No tongue can speak, no thought conceive,
Nor they who have not known believe ;
The heart that feels alone can tell
What 'tis in Jesus' love to dwell.

With Mary, in the morning gloom,
I seek for Jesus at the tomb ;
To Him, with love's most earnest cry,
I seek with heart, and not with eye.

O Jesu, while on earth we tread,
Thy love within our bosoms shed :
And be, dear Lord, when time is o'er,
Our Crown of glory evermore. Amen.

EASTER.

Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious.

107. How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds

26 In a believer's ear !

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy Name
Refresh my soul in death.

EASTER.

Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him
that loved us.

108. LET Christian faith and hope dispel

• The fears of guilt and woe ;
The Lord Almighty is our Friend,
• And who can prove a foe ?

The Saviour died, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave ;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

Who, then, can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to Heaven above ?

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall ;
Through Him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.

Each future period *that* will bless,
As it has blessed the past ;
He loved us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last.



And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.

109. HAIL the day that sees Him rise
1 To his throne above the skies ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest Heaven.
Alleluia !

Lo ! the Heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own.
Alleluia !

See He lifts his Hands above ;
See He shows the Marks of love !
Hark, his gracious lips bestow
Blessings on his Church below !
Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes,
Prevalent his Death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
Alleluia !

There, with Thee, may we remain,
Partners of thy endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in Thee !
Alleluia !

ASCENSION.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given
Name which is above every name.

110. CHRIST, above all glory seated !

King Eternal, strong to save,
Death to Thee, in death defeated,
Triumph and high glory gave.

Thou art gone, where now is given
What no mortal might could gain,
On the Judgment-throne of Heaven
In thy Father's power to reign.

There thy kingdoms all adore Thee,
Heaven above, and earth below :
While the dark abyss before Thee
Trembling doth submissive bow.

Thou, whose life our bliss remaineth,
Comfort give, when cares annoy ;
Thou, whose strength the world sustains
Temper all our worldly joy.

Lord, from earth our prayers pursue
Saviour, all our sins forgive ;
Lift our hearts on high unto Thee,
By thy grace upraised to live.

So when Thou again in glory
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine
We shall stand in peace before Thee,
And Thyself shalt own us thine !

ASCENSION.

We have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

111. JESU, hail ! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide,
All the heavenly Hosts adore Thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners Thou art pleading ;
There Thou dost our place prepare ;
Ever for us interceding,
Till before Thee we appear.

Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive,
Loudest praises without ceasing
Meet it is for us to give.

Help, ye bright angelic Spirits !
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays ;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant his glorious praise.

ASCENSION.

In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

- 112.** WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
12 The House of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He who for men their Ransom stood,
And poured on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

Our Fellow-Sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known ;
And ask the promised Spirit's power
To help us in the evil hour.

ASCENSION.

Perfect through sufferings.

113. THOU, who didst stoop below,
 ^c To drain the cup of woe,
And wear the form of frail mortality !
 Thy blessed labours done,
 Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to thy home on high.

 It was no path of flowers,
 Through this dark world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou did'st tread :
 And shall we in dismay
 Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread ?

 O Thou, who art our Life,
 Be with us through the strife !
Thy own meek Head by rudest storms was bowed :
 Raise Thou our eyes above,
 To see a Father's love
Beam, like a bow of promise, through the cloud.

 E'en through the awful gloom
 Which hovers o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be :
 Our spirits shall not dread
 The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee !

ASCENSION.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.

114. COME let us join our joyful songs
22 With Angels round the throne !
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus !
Worthy the Lamb ! our lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine ;
And blessings more than we can give
Are, Lord, for ever thine.

Thou hast redeemed us with thy blood,
And set the prisoners free ;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise !

The whole Creation join in one
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb ! Amen.



Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

115. SPIRIT of Truth ! on this thy day,
1 To thee for help we cry,
To guide us through the dreary way
Of dark mortality.

We ask not, Lord ! the cloven flame,
Or tongues of various tone ;
But long thy praises to proclaim
With fervour in our own.

We mourn not that prophetic skill
Is found on earth no more ;
Enough for us to trace thy will
In Scripture's sacred lore.

No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,
No mystic dreams we share ;
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,
And bless Thee in our prayer.

When tongues shall cease, and power decay,
And knowledge empty prove,
Do Thou thy trembling servants stay
With faith, with hope, with love \

WHITSUNTIDE.

The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon Him. the Spirit of wisdom, understanding, the Spirit of counsel and might, the knowledge and of the fear of the Lord.

116. CREATOR Spirit, Lord of grace,
11 Oh ! make our hearts thy dwelling-place
And with thy might celestial aid
The souls of men, whom Thou hast made

Come from thy throne of light above,
Thou Comforter, Thou Holy Dove,
Come, Oil of gladness, cleansing Fire,
And Living Spring of pure desire.

O Finger of the Hand Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are thine ;
And touched by Thee the lips proclaim
All praise to God's most holy Name.

Thou to our souls thy Light impart,
And give thy Love to every heart ;
Turn all our weakness into might,
O Thou the Source of life and light.

Protect us from the assailing foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
Upheld by Thee, our Strength and Guide
No evil can our steps betide.

Spirit of Faith, on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know ;
That with Them we may worship Thee,
Eternal One, Eternal Three. Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that
He may abide with you for ever.

117. HOLY Spirit, from on high,
6 On our deep obscurity
Thou thy brightness bend :
Come, Thou Father of the poor,
Come, Thou Source of all our store,
Light of souls, descend !

Comforter for ever blest,
Welcome Inmate of the breast,
Coolness Thou, and Calm :
Rest in toil and Solace sweet,
Shady shelter in the heat,
Sorrow's soothing Balm !

Purest Light, dispel our gloom ;
Every faithful breast illumine
With thy searching ray :
If Thou help not, helpless we :
Nothing good in man can be
If Thou be away.

What is stainèd cleanse anew,
What is witherèd bedew,
Soothe the spirit's pain :
Bend the stubborn, warm the cold ;
When we wander from the fold
Bring us back'again.

Lord, our trust in Thee we place ;
Let thy sevenfold gift of grace
To thy flock be given :
Holy living here bestow,
And the death of peace bestow,
And the joys of Heaven.

WHITSUNTIDE.

The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit : a broken and contrite heart,
O God, shalt Thou not despise.

118. THE offerings to thy throne which rise,
80 Of mingled praise and prayer,
Are but a worthless sacrifice,
Unless the heart is there.

Upon thy all-discerning ear
Let no vain words intrude ;
No tribute, but the vow sincere
Of love and gratitude.

My offerings will indeed be blessed,
If sanctified by Thee ;
If thy Pure Spirit touch my breast
With Its own purity.

O may that Spirit warm my heart
To piety and love ;
And to life's lowly vale impart
Some rays from heaven above.

When thy word goeth forth, it giveth light and understanding unto the
simple.

119. THE Spirit breathes upon the Word,
14 And brings the truth to sight :
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age ;
It gives, but borrows none.

WHITSUNTIDE.

The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

My soul cleaveth to the dust : O quicken Thou me, according to thy word.

120. COME, Holy Spirit, from above !
" With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

And shall we, Lord, for ever be
In this so low estate ;
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great ?

Come, Holy Spirit, from above !
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.



They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come!

- 121.** Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
6 Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the Saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around
 glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before
 Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide
 Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory
 not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy Name, in
 earth,
 and sky, and sea:
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

TRINITY SUNDAY.

He that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love.

- 122.** LORD and Father, great and holy,
5 Fearing nought, we come to Thee ;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free :
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus :
" Thou art Love, and Love alone."

Father, Lord of bright creation,
Holy, blest, eternal Son,
Spirit, Fount of inspiration,
Glorious Godhead, Three in One !
With the notes which, high ascending,
Choir around the sapphire throne,
We on earth the song are blending,
" Thou art Love, and Love alone."

Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Sun and stars in ruins fall,
Trust of Thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all :
And though Heavens thy Name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strain our hearts are raising ;
" Thou art Love, and Love alone."

TRINITY SUNDAY.

For with Thee is the well of life ; and in thy light shall we see

123. THREE in One, and One in Three !

⁶ Ruler of the earth and sea !
Hear us while we lift to Thee
Holy chant and psalm.

Light of lights ! with morning-shine
Lift on us thy light divine ;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it sink on sin forgiven :
Fold us in the peace of Heaven ;
Shed a vesper calm.

Three in One, and One in Three !
Darkling here we worship Thee :
Make us meet thy Face to see !
Prays our solemn psalm.

The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mo
shall be ended.

124. THE fiery sun is gone :

¹ O never-waning Light,
All-Holy Three, Thrice-Blessed One,
Shed forth thy presence bright.

To Thee our lauds at morn,
Our vespers rise at even ;
O grant us, hence by Angels borne,
To join their chant in Heaven.

To the Great Father, Son,
And Holy Spirit blest,
As in old time, while ages run,
All glory be address. Amen.



If Jesus had given them rest, then would he not afterward have spoken of another day. There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.

125. LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray

11 In this thy house, on this thy day ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above :
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day :
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love,
But wait the nobler rest above.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

When ye pray say, Our Father.

126. FATHER of all ! we bow to Thee,
14 Who dwell'st in heaven, adored ;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.

For ever hallowed be thy Name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy Kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.

A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resigned to Thee ;
And as in heaven thy Will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still ;
Give us our Bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.

Our Sins before Thee we confess ;
O may they be forgiven !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heaven.

Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From Evil guard our way ;
And in Temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to Thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

For sake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am grey-headed.

127. ALMIGHTY Father of mankind,

30 On Thee my hopes remain ;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

I know the Power in Whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be
Who has my Saviour been.

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore, through life I'll trust in Thee ;
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.

128. O FATHER, though the anxious fear
13 May cloud to-morrow's doubtful way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here,
 All shall be thine at least to-day.

We will not bring divided hearts
 To worship at thy sacred shrine ;
But each unholy thought departs,
 And leaves the temple wholly thine.

Not now on Zion's height alone
 Thy favoured worshipper may dwell,
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place beneath the skies,
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,
The incense of the heart, may rise
 To Heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age, with snowy hair,
 And strength and beauty, bend the knee,
And childhood lisp, with reverent air,
 Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

Thy Spirit on our hearts shall move,
 Shall softly sweep their trembling strings ;
And make the harmony of love
 Meet music for the King of kings.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.

129. WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint,

2 Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?

Supreme in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands ;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

He gives the conquest to the weak ;
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

Mere human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

On eagle's wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren
ye have done it unto Me.

130. MASTER and Lord ! to own thy love
24 Our thankful hearts incline :
What can our poverty bestow,
When earth and heaven are thine ?

But Thou hast brethren here below,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose lowly names thou wilt confess
Before thy Father's face.

In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited and cheered ;
And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard.

Thy face, with reverence and with love,
We in thy poor would see :
The tenderness that cares for *them*
Is ministered to *THEE*.

I will lead them in paths that they have not known ; I will make
darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. The
things which I do unto them, and not forsake them.

131. O GOD ! we own thy sovereign grace,
16 Thy faithful care we own ;
Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.

May thy blest Word and Spirit teach,
And lead us safely on,
Through light and darkness, till we reach
A bright celestial crown.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

On Thee our vast concerns we leave;
To Thee our all resign;
In straits and dangers rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.

The burdens of a trying day
With patience we will bear;
Till evening's welcome hour display
We are our Master's care.

Wherefore doth a living man complain: a man for the punishment of
his sins?

132. AMIDST the mighty, where is he
12 Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
Is from the Lord alone.

He gives in gladsome bowers to dwell,
Or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath formed the light, his hand
Hath formed the darkening cloud.

Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chastening rod?
Our sins afflict us, and the cross
Must bring us back to God.

O sons of men! with anxious care,
Your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of ill to God;
. Return, and sin no more!

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The Lord is loving unto every man, and his mercy is over all his work;

133. EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers ;

**4 Air, with all its beams and showers ;
Ocean's infinite expanse ;
Heaven's resplendent countenance ;
All around, and all above
Bear the record, God is Love.**

**Sounds among the vales and hills ;
In the woods, and by the rills ;
Of the breeze, and of the bird,
By the gentle summer stirred ;
All these sounds, beneath, above,
Have one burden, God is love.**

**All the hopes and fears that start
From the fountain of the heart ;
All the quiet bliss that lies
In our human sympathies ;
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is Love.**

**But the great Redeemer's Birth ;
All He did and said on earth ;
All his agonies and woes ;
All the gifts his grace bestows ;
All his pleadings now above ;
Loudest publish, God is Love.**

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth : Thou hast made summer
and winter.

134. ETERNAL Source of every joy !

3 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While the great wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
By Thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery Spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The Summer beams in bounty shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in Autumn richly pours,
Through all our coasts, the harvest stores ;
And Winter, with its snows and storms,
The errand of thy love performs.

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise :
Still be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
When days and years revolve no more.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

When Thou lettest thy breath go forth they shall be made : and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.

135. THOU art, O God, the Life and Light
5 Of all this wondrous world we see ;
The dawning day, the starry night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When Day with farewell beam delays
Among the golden clouds of even,
As if to draw our wistful gaze
From this dim earth to opening heaven,
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When Night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
And Heaven's bright host their fires relume,
And sparkle with a thousand eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling Eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things bright and fair are thine.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

their sound is gone out into all lands ; and their words into the ends
of the world.

36. THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
5 The firmament displays thy skill ;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
 Tempest and calm thy word fulfil ;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach.

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
 Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
 Led by the silent moon along ;
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy glory streams on every eye.

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
 Comes, like a bridegroom from his bower,
Comes, like a giant, glad to run
 His course with never^d pausing power ;
Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of nature's heart.

While these thy ceaseless marvels shine
 Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
 Thy Word reveals, transcending sense :
My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Let there be light.

137. ⁶ THOU, whose Almighty Word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray ;
And where the Gospel-Day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be Light !

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and light ;
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
Say Thou to all mankind,
Let there be Light.

Spirit of Truth and Love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight !
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spreading the beams of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be Light !

Blessed and Holy Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might !
Boundless as ocean's tide,
Rolling in fullest pride,
Through the world, far and wide
Let there be Light !

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The Lord shall rejoice in his works.

138. MY God! all nature owns thy sway!
14 Thou giv'st the night, and Thou the day:
When all thy loved creation wakes,
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,
And bathes in dew the opening flower,
To Thee we owe her fragrant hour;
And when she pours her choral song,
Her melodies to Thee belong.

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human soul in vain!
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wondering soul to praise;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favour rise.

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord.

139. O God, 'tis good thy praise to swell,
6 Thy love to own, thy truth to tell;
To tell when morning fills the skies,
And when the evening stars arise.

Sweet is the task, and high the theme,
To hymn thy glory, God Supreme:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

Feeble the strain to mortals given:
That strain shall swell to strength in Heaven!
And every power find sweet employ
In the eternal world of joy.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The Lord is King : the earth may be glad thereof.

- 140.** ⁶ **FATHER** of all ! whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame ;
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same :
All ye who owe to Him your birth,
In praise your every power employ :
Jehovah reigns ! be glad, O earth !
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy !

Thou by thy word upholdest all ;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed ;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good :
Thy voice produced the seas and spheres
Bade the waves roar, and planets shine ;
But nothing like Thyself appears
Through all these spacious works of thine

How shall the tongue of mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face :
Who can behold the blazing light ?
Who can approach consuming flame ?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might :
None but thy Word can speak thy Name

These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth

- 141.** ⁴ **LEAD** us with thy gentle sway,
As a willing child is led ;
Speed us on our forward way,
As a pilgrim, Lord, is sped,
Who with prayers and helps divine
Seeks a dear but distant shrine.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

We are pilgrims, and our goal
Is that blissful land whose bourn
Is the haven of the soul,
Where the mourners cease to mourn :
Where the Saviour's hand will dry
Every tear from every eye.

Lead us thither ! Thou dost know
All the way ; but wanderers we
Often miss our path below,
And stretch out our hands to Thee :
Guide us, save us, and prepare
Our appointed mansion there.

I would seek unto God, and to God would I commit my cause.

142. ⁹ Though trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground,
Yet ills on ills, by Heaven's decree,
In man's estate are found.

As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doomed to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.

But with my God I leave my cause ;
From Him I seek relief ;
To Him, in confidence of prayer,
Unbosom all my grief.

Unnumbered are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways ;
'Tis His the mourning soul to cheer,
The bowed down to raise.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Lo, these are parts of his ways ; but the thunder of his power who can
understand ?

143. Who can resist the Almighty arm

1 That made the starry sky ?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye ?

Firm on the boundless void of space
He poised the steady pole ;
And in the circle of the clouds
Bade secret waters roll.

While Nature's universal frame
Its Maker's power reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.

From where the rising day ascends
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threatening might.

He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows ;
And smites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.

Few of his works can we survey ;
These few our skill transcend ;
But the full thunder of his power
What heart can comprehend ?

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Thy way is in the sea, and thy paths in the great waters: and thy footsteps are not known.

144. GOD moves in a mysterious way,
12 His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet shall be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

145. O THOU Who in the light dost dwell
10 To mortal unapproachable ;
Before whose presence Angels bow,
And trembling veil the unsullied brow !

We amidst sin and misery
Plunged as in deepest darkness lie ;
How then can we in exile drear
Lift the glad song of glory here ?

A day, O God, thou hast prepared,
A day of gladness and reward,
Which the bright sun that flames on high
Can now but faintly signify.

And when, from these her bonds set free,
The soul shall wing her flight to Thee,
Her's shall it be for evermore,
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore !

O Thou all-bounteous Three in One,
By us on earth thy will be done !
Give grace this span of life to spend
Intent on life that ne'er shall end.

When he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid.

146. THY way is in the deep, O Lord !
11 E'en there we'll go with Thee :
We'll meet the tempest at thy word,
And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,
Why do we doubt Him so ?
Who gives the storm a path will find
The way our feet shall go.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The Lord yields nothing to the fears
That spring from selfish care ;
But draweth nigh where'er He hears
The voice of loving prayer.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel ;
Chase faithless fears away :
'Tis thine to order all things well,
And ours to bless the sway.

Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him : and He
shall bring it to pass ;

147. COMMIT thou all thy griefs
1 And ways into His hands,
To His sure truth and tender care
Who earth and heaven commands.

Put thou thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on ;
Fix on her word thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care ;
To Him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed ;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way ;
Wait thou his time ; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day !

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

So He bringeth them to the haven where they would be.

148. How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !

20 How sure is their defence !
Eternal Wisdom is their guide ;
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempests borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Praise the Lord, O my soul ; and forget not all his benefits.

- 149. ALMIGHTY King ! whose wondrous hand**
4 **Supports the weight of sea and land,**
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,
 No heart shall break that sighs for more !

Thy Providence supplies my food,
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good :
My soul is nourished by thy Word ;
Let soul and body praise the Lord.

My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this earthly frame ;
Whate'er I want His bounty gives
By Whom my soul for ever lives.

Either his hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again ;
From strife and sorrow shields my breast,
Or overrules them for the best.

Forgive the song that falls so low
Beneath the gratitude I owe ;
It means thy praise, however poor ;
An Angel's song can do no more.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Jesus stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

- 150.** WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
6 And sighs her God to seek ;
How sweet to hail the evening's close,
That ends the weary week !

How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light !

Sweet day ! thine hours too soon will cease ;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Heavenly Spirit, Fount of peace,
A sabbath o'er my soul !

So when my pilgrimage is done,
The world's long week is o'er ;
That day will dawn, which needs no sun,
That morn which fades no more.

Where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in
the midst of them,

- 151.** GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear ;
28 Thy presence now display ;
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell ;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind, bestow ;
And shine upon us from on high
That we in grace may grow.

May we in faith receive thy Word,
In faith present our prayers,
And in the presence of our Lord
Unbosom all our cares.

Thy Word is tried to the uttermost, and thy servant loveth it.

2. FATHER of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be thy Name adored
For these celestial lines.

Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight ;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord !
Be Thou for ever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred Word,
And view my Saviour there.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Whether I live, I live unto the Lord; and whether I die, I die unto
the Lord.

153. LORD, it belongs not to my care,
9 Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

If life be long, I will be glad,
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
That He went through before;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by his door.

Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see:
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with Him.

Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.

154. O LORD, my best desire fulfil!
17 And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious Hand
That wipes away my tears?

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

No ; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway ;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drive all these thoughts away.

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

55. REJOICE, ye faithful, in the Lord,
²⁴ Who makes your cause his own ;
The hope that's built upon his Word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die ;
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Though now unseen by outward sense,
Faith sees Him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?

As surely as He overcame,
And triumphed once for you ;
So surely ye that love his Name
Shall triumph in him too.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

God be merciful to me a sinner.

156. LORD ! have mercy when we pray
Strength to seek a better way ;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe their cherished sin ;
When our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale ;
When our tears bedew thy Word ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord ! have mercy when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh,
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill ;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come ;
When is loosed the silver cord ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

Lord ! have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below ;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress ;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant Heaven ;
Then thy fostering grace afford ;
Then, O then, have mercy, Lord !

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

and looking up to Heaven, He sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha,
that is, Be opened.

57. THE Son of God, in doing good.

6 Was fain to look to Heaven and sigh :
And shall the heirs of sinful blood
Seek joy unmixed in charity ?
God will not let Love's work impart
Full solace, lest it steal the heart :
Be thou content in tears to sow,
Blessing, like Jesus, in thy woe.

He looked to Heaven, and sadly sighed :

What saw the gracious Saviour there,
With fear and anguish to divide

The joy of Heaven-accepted prayer ?
Alas ! the deaf may hear his voice,

And speech to fettered tongues be given,
But the deaf heart, the dumb by choice,
For *these* that sigh appeals to Heaven.

Lord, by that sad and earnest eye,
That pleading look, that pitying sigh ;
That voice that with a word could chase
The dumb deaf spirit from his place ; ●
As Thou hast touched our ears, and taught
Our tongues to speak thy praises plain,
Quell Thou each thankless godless thought
That would make fast our bonds again.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Go, and do thou likewise.

158. O THOU whose care our footsteps guides,
14 Whose arm is all our stay ;
Whose goodness for our wants provides,
And wipes our tears away !

Freely to us thy love imparts
Whate'er our own we call :
Then, Lord, incline our thankful hearts
To honour Thee in all.

Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress we see,
Teach us to yield their woes relief,
And kindly sympathy.

His pattern high who passed not by,
Nor was to succour slow ;
Who viewed with mercy's melting eye
A brother in a foe :

That pattern, Saviour, still be stored
Deep in our bosom's shrine !
● That mercy sweet is thine, O Lord,
That pattern bright is thine !

And Thou with farewell voice didst teach
Those on thy Name that call,
To show kind pity each to each,
As Thou hast lovèd all.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, shall not cease.

59. O THOU, who givest all their food,
28 Causing thy sun to shine
Upon the evil and the good,
Earth's teeming stores are thine.
Thy bounty, Lord, to man secures
The harvest of his toil :
Thy faithful word, while earth endures,
With plenty clothes the soil.

The wintry frost, the flowery prime,
Alike thy laws obey ;
Each herb and blossom knows its time,
And feels the quickening ray.
Revolving seasons still proclaim
Thy all-sustaining word :
Seed-time and harvest speak thy Name,
The promise-keeping Lord.

Behold the fowls of the air ; your Heavenly Father feedeth them : are ye not much better than they ?

60. O KING of earth and air and sea !
1 The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep.
Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray
For daily bread from day to day. •

And O, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow :
Do Thou thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,
The bread of life from day to day.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

The greatest of these is charity.

161. Love still shall hold an endless reign
 ¹¹ In earth and heaven above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fall
And every gift but Love.

Here all our gifts imperfect are ;
But better days draw nigh,
When perfect light shall pour its rays,
And all those shadows fly.

Now dark and dim, as through a glass,
Are God and truth beheld ;
Then shall we see as face to face,
And God shall be unveiled.

Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth
And earth by them is blest ;
But Faith and Hope must yield to Love,
Of all the graces best.

Hope shall to full fruition rise,
And Faith be sight above ;
These are the means, but this the end ;
For saints for ever love.

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

162. O DEEM not they are blest alone
 ¹³ Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep :
The Searcher of the heart hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God has marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear ;
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

Never man speak like this Man.

33. How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
9 From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven He came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

'Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest !'
Yes ! Lord and Master, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

Decay then, tenements of dust !
Pillars of earthly pride decay !
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

- 164.** **LET** saints below accordant sing
7 With those that hence are gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In Christ their Lord are one.

One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the Living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Lo, thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

Lord Jesus ! be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And cleave a path to Heaven.

There is one body and one Spirit, even ye are called in one hope of
your calling.

- 165.** **THE** glorious universe around,
24 The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

So in one brother-bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song :
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

Lord, may our union form a part
Of that thrice happy whole ;
Derive its pulse from Thee the Heart,
Its life from Thee the Soul.

Redeeming the time.

166. As o'er the past my memory strays,
29 Why heaves the secret sigh ?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world, and worldly things beloved,
Have anxious thoughts employed ;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, Holy Father, chase despair
Forth from this labouring breast !
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer,
That grace can do the rest.

My life's best remnant all be thine ;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee !

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven.

167. LORD ! forgive me, day by day,
1 Debts I cannot hope to pay :
Duties I have left undone ;
Evils I have failed to shun.

Pardon, Lord ! and are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me.

Neither do I condemn thee : go and sin no more.

168. ALL-HOLY Saviour, 'twas not thine
11 To spurn the erring from thy sight ;
Nor did thy smile of love divine
Turn from the penitent its light.

Needing forgiveness, may we yield
Forgiveness of the wrongs we bear ;
And strive the erring one to shield
From deeper sin or dark despair.

And when our own offences weigh
Upon our hearts with anguish sore,
Lord, let thy sparing mercy say,
“ In peace depart, but sin no more.”

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

69. O HAPPY is the man who hears
6 Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial Wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
 Than east and west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.

Her lore is bright as noontide light,
 Sweet as the voice of song ;
Majestic as the swelling tide
 Euphrates rolls along.

She guides the weak unwary steps
 The path of right to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY.

He shall dwell on high : his place of defence shall be the munition of
rocks.

170. ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
14 Ye tribes at hand, give ear ;
The upright in heart alone have hope,
The false in heart have fear.

The man who walks with God in truth,
And every guile disdains ;
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
And scorns its shameful gains :

Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
That tempts from truth to stray,
And from the enticing snares of vice
Who turns his eyes away :

His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
Shall ever stand secure ;
His Father will provide his bread,
His water shall be sure.

For him the mansion of the just
Afar doth glorious shine ;
And he the King of kings shall see
In majesty divine.



How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth
good tidings.

171. **HIGH** let the anthem soar,
 The glad memorial lay !
Chosen of Christ ! for them we pour
 The song of praise to-day.

Lights of a world forlorn !
Truth's radiance pure they shed :
Beauteous their feet as dawning morn
Upon the mountains spread !

Chiefs of the Church of God !
Champions of glorious strife !
Firm to the death for Christ they stood,
Then soared to deathless life.

In them Faith proved her might,
And quenchless Hope shone high ;
And Christ's own light burned pure and bright
In their meek Charity.

By them the Father, Son,
And Spirit are displayed ;
Through them God's will on earth is done,
And Heaven is joyful made.

Lord, when our hour shall come
To bid this earth farewell,
Receive us to thy blissful home,
With them and Thee to dwell.

Apostle or Evangelist.

HOLY DAYS.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

172. BLEST are the pure in heart,
4 For they shall see our God ;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart ;
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

Purification : Annunciation.

He shall give his Angels charge concerning thee.

173. WHEN languor and disease invade
17 This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the earth,
And long to soar away.

'Tis sweet to look within, if there
Jesus doth rule in love ;
Sweet to look upward to the throne
Where Jesus pleads above.

'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

HOLY DAYS.

If such the sweetness of the streams,
What will the Fountain be
Where Saints and Angels draw their bliss
Immediately from Thee! .

There may my disembodied soul
Behold Thee and adore !
Be with thy likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

St. Michael and All Angels.

But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly.

174. THERE is a land of pure delight,
34 Where saints with God remain ;
Undying day excludes the night,
And peace succeeds to pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Any Holy Day.

HOLY DAYS.

Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.

175. A WITNESS-HOST, by us unseen,

32

Encompass us around ;

Men once like us by suffering tried,

In suffering faithful found.

Lord o'er them all, a Witness stands

Who bore all mortal pain ;

Beseems it those for whom He died

To murmur or complain ?

A Father's voice with reverence we

On earth have often heard ;

The Father of our spirits now

Demands the same regard.

My son, saith He, with patient mind,

Endure the chastening rod ;

Believe, when by afflictions tried,

That thou art loved by God.

Then let our hearts no more despond,

Our hands be weak no more ;

Still let us trust our Father's love,

His wisdom still adore.

Any Holy Day.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.

176. GIVE me the wings of faith to rise

16

Within the veil, and see

The saints above, how great their joys,

How bright their glories be !

HOLY DAYS.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

In Christ they conquered : His the praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long Cloud of Witnesses
Show the same path to Heaven.

Any Holy Day.

So run that ye may obtain.

7. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A Cloud of Witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

Any Holy Day.

HOLY DAYS.

There shall be no night there.

178. JERUSALEM, my happy home !

2 Name ever dear to me !

When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And sabbaths never end ?

There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know :
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

All Saints.

HOLY DAYS.

Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?

179. How bright these glorious Spirits shine !

25 Whence all their white array ?

How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day ?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the Blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The praises of the sky.

Hunger and thirst they feel no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray ;
God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear ;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

All Saints.

HOLY DAYS.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

180. Who are these, like stars appearing,
These before God's throne who stand ?
Each a golden crown is wearing,
Who are all this glorious band ?
Alleluia, hark, they sing !
Praising loud their Heavenly King.

These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried ;
Who in prayer full oft have striven
With the God they magnified :
Now their painful conflict's o'er,
God has bid them weep no more.

These, the Almighty contemplating,
Kings and priests before Him stand ;
Robed and palmed, for ever waiting,
Day and night at his command :
Thus, in his most holy place,
Still they see their Father's Face.

As the hart at noon-tide panteth
For the brooks of water clear,
For the life-spring Jesus granteth
These have groaned with many a tear :
Now their thirst is satisfied,
For they are by Jesus' side.

Living Lord and Mediator,
Thou the path of death hast trod !
Thou the Judge and Consummator,
Shepherd of the fold of God !
Bring us by thy guiding hand
To the living spirit-land.

All Saints.



Take, eat; this is my Body.

- 81.** PRAISE thy Saviour, Sion, praise Him !
6 High in choral anthems raise Him,
Guide unfailing, Shepherd strong !
Dare thy best, his Name exalting,
For all praise is weak and halting,
Task too high for thy frail tongue.

Feast through all the ages lending
Pledge of love all thought transcending,
Is to-day before thee set :
Even so we touch and take it
As when o'er his board He brake it,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

Full and clear ring out our chanting,
Joy nor ordered grace be wanting,
'Tis the adoring spirit's mirth :
Lo ! to sinful mortals given
Angels' food, true Bread from Heaven
To the children of the earth.

Shepherd true, who liv'st for ever,
Jesu, of all good the Giver,
Feed us, keep us, till we die :
Here below to please Thee make us,
And at last, O Saviour, take us
To thy feast of love on high.

Holy Communion.

SPECIAL.

This do in remembrance of Me.

182. SING, my tongue, the Body broken,
6 Whence the sacred Blood did flow :
Christ as man with man conversing
Stayed the seeds of truth to sow,
Then He closed in solemn order
Wondrously his life of woe.

Bread the food of souls He maketh,
Symbol of his Flesh we see ;
And whoso that Cup partaketh
Tastes the fruit of Calvary :
Who the reverend Feast forsaketh
Cares not with his Lord to be.

To the Everlasting Father,
To the Everlasting Son,
To the Holy Ghost proceeding
Forth from each, blest Three in One,
Honour, laud, and benediction,
Now and evermore be done.

Holy Communion.

I am that bread of life.

183. BREAD of the world in mercy broken,
10 Wine of the soul in mercy shed !
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead !

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be thy Feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed !

Holy Communion.

SPECIAL.

Suffer the little children to come unto Me.

4. "FORBID them not," the Saviour said,
13 "Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of Angels came."

We bring them, Lord, with fervent prayer,
And yield them up to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be!

If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust:
That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,
If weeping o'er their dust.

Holy Baptism.

in the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

5. SAVIOUR, Who thy flock art feeding
5 With a shepherd's tenderest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
Whilst the lambs thy bosom share:
Now these youthful ones receiving,
Fold them in thy guardian arm;
There we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the tempter's prey;
Let thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way.
Shield them with thy power supernal
While they tarry here a space;
Then within thy fold eternal
Let them find a resting-place.

Confirmation.

SPECIAL.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto Me, My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth ?

- 186.** LORD, we trust in thy protecting,
s Wholly rest upon thine arm,
Follow wholly thy directing,
Who alone dost guard from harm :
Meet us now with thy salvation,
In thy Church's ordered way ;
Grant us truest Confirmation
In thy faith and fear to-day.

So that strengthened by thy Spirit,
Firm in hope and filled with love,
With thy saints we may inherit
All our Father's joy above.
To the Father lauds unending,
To the Son and Spirit Blest,
Still from age to age ascending,
Be throughout all worlds address. Amen.
Confirmation.

The glory of the Lord filled the House.

- 187.** God's House on high, it ever rings
s With praises of the King of kings !
For ever there, on harps divine,
They hymn the Eternal One and Trine :
We, here below, the strain prolong,
And faintly echo Sion's song.

O Lord of Hosts Invisible !
With thy pure light this Temple fill ;
Here through all hearts for evermore
Thy Spirit's quickening graces pour ;
And show thy flock that hither come
The glories of thy heavenly home.

SPECIAL.

To Him whom Angels praise on high,
Whose glory fills the earth and sky ;
To God the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Laud, honour, blessing, majesty,
Now and henceforth for ever be.

Consecration of a Church.

Id the Heaven and Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee : how
much less this House that I have builded ?

1. O THOU whose own vast Temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side.

May erring souls that enter here
Be taught the better way ;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

Here, Father, aid the waiting soul
By sin and sorrow prest ;
Here, Saviour, make the wounded whole,
And give the weary rest.

Shed here, O Spirit from above,
The calm of sin forgiven ;
Here tend thy fruits of faith, hope, love,
And train our hearts for Heaven.

Consecration of a Church.

SPECIAL.

Thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.

189. LORD, whose Temple once did glisten

 5 With a monarch's rich supplies,
To our lowly praises listen,
 Bless our willing sacrifice :
Be our votive offering, given
 To the Father and the Son,
Sweeter in the sight of Heaven
 Than the scents of Lebanon.

Clouds and darkness veiled thy dwelling
In thine earthly House of old,
Though the hymn of praise was swelling
 'Mid the pomp of Ophir's gold :
Here thy love our hearts shall brighten,
Chasing earth-born gloom away :
Here thy Spirit shall enlighten,
Shining to the perfect day !

Consecration of a Church : Offertory.

The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord,
as the waters cover the sea.

190. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,

 6 From India's coral strand ;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand :
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

SPECIAL.

Shall they whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall they to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's Name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole!
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign!

Missions [Also Hymns 50, 137.]

Thou shalt keep the feast of ingathering, when thou hast gathered in
thy labours out of the field.

191. LORD of the Harvest, once again
We thank thee for the ripened grain,
For crops safe stored, and sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By Seed-time and by Harvest-tide.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers are said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread:
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirit's need:
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou our Comfort, Strength, and Stay!
Harvest.

SPECIAL.

Let us now fear the Lord our God, that giveth rain, both the former and the latter, in his season: He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.

192. FATHER of mercies, God of love !

15 Whose gifts all creatures share,
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine,
The season knew thy call ;
Thou mad'st the Summer suns to shine,
The Summer dews to fall.

The Hand unseen that works above
Matured the swelling grain ;
And now the Harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

O ne'er may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook thy bounteous care ;
But what our Father's hand imparts
Still own in praise and prayer !

So shall our suns more grateful shine,
Our showers more genial fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And Thou adored in all.

Harvest.

SPECIAL.

They joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest.

193. THE last full wain has come, has come !

13 And brought the golden harvest home :
The labours of the year are done :
Accept our thanks, all-bounteous One !

For the bright sun, whose fervid ray
Ripens the corn, and cheers the day ;
For the round moon, whose yellow light
Gilds the long labours of the night :

For the rich sea of shining grain,
That spreads its waves o'er hill and plain ;
For the cool breeze, whose light wings fan
The weary, sun-burnt husbandman :

For the soft herbage of the soil,
For health, the boon that's born of toil ;
For all the increase of the earth,
For homes and hearts it fills with mirth :

For these, O Ruler of the skies !
Our grateful thanks to Thee shall rise :
No longer now the storms we fear ;
Thy goodness, Lord, has crowned the year !

Harvest.

SPECIAL.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy clouds drop fatness.

- 194.** PRAISE to God, unceasing praise,
1 For the love that crowns our days !
Blessings of the fruitful plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to Thee, O God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow !
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Harvest [Also Hymns 22, 134, 159.]

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.

- 195.** BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
33 Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the Heaven.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light
On youth's soft cheek decay,
And death descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day :

Have seen the feeble steps of age
Tend tottering to the tomb :
How then shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of years to come !

SPECIAL.

O Saviour of the faithful dead,
With whom thy servants dwell,
Though cold and green the turf is spread
Above their narrow cell:

Saviour, from whom on dying bed,
In nature's anguish sore,
We trust for strength the way to tread
Which Thou hast trod before !

When, soon or late, this feeble breath
Has lost the power to pray,
Then light us through the vale of death,
And in the darksome way.

Burial Office.

Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away : blessed be the Name
of the Lord.

3. Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born !
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"And shalt to dust return,"

Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to Heaven's great Lord,
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restored.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave :
He gives ; and, when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave.

Then, ever-blessed be his Name !
His goodness swelled our store ;
His justice but resumes its own ;
'Tis ours still to adore.

Burial Office.

SPECIAL.

That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope.

197. TAKE comfort, mourners, when your friends

14 In Jesus fall asleep ;
Their better being never ends ;
Why then dejected weep ?

Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And seals the soul for Heaven.

God's faithful to their Father's House
With joyful hearts shall go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

Burial Office.

They rest from their labours.

198. CHILD of God, thy days are ended,

6 All thy mourning days below ;
Go, by Angel-guards attended,
To the home of spirits go !
Waiting to receive thee gladly,
See the Man of Sorrows stand ;
All the griefs he wept so sad'ly
Wept no more at God's right hand.

SPECIAL.

Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest :
For the joy He sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain ;
Die, to live the life of glory ;
Suffer, for an endless gain.

Barial Office [Also Hymns 28, 29, 73, 74, 84.]

Hitherto hath the Lord helped me.

199. For thy mercy and thy grace,
1 Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness ;
Father of our spirits, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength ! be Thou our stay :
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

Which of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

By thy Hand through all the past,
Hither have we safely come :
Safe, O Father, at the last,
Bring us to our heavenly home.

New Year.

SPECIAL.

Lord, Thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another.

200. O God, our help in ages past,
¹² Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
Before the mountains towering stood,
Ere earth was piled on sea,
From everlasting Thou art God,
And evermore shalt be.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O turn from us, Thou God of Grace,
The terrors of thy wrath ;
And lift the brightness of thy Face
Upon our darkened path.
Teach Thou our wayward hearts aright
This span of life to spend ;
Then shed upon our souls the light
Of life that ne'er shall end.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

New Year.



Metrical Psalms.





IN ALL HIS WORKS HE PRAISED THE HOLY ONE
MOST HIGH WITH WORDS OF GLORY: WITH HIS
WHOLE HEART HE SUNG SONGS, AND LOVED HIM
THAT MADE HIM.

HE BEAUTIFIED THEIR FEASTS, AND SET IN ORDER
THE SOLEMN TIMES, UNTIL THE END, THAT THEY
MIGHT PRAISE HIS HOLY NAME, AND THAT THE
TEMPLE MIGHT SOUND FROM MORNING.





Blessed is the man that hath not walked in the counsel of the ungodly.
Psalm i.

201. How blest is he who ne'er consents
24 By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

b. **BLESSED** the man who hath not trod
36 Where evil men repair,
Nor in the way with sinners stood,
Nor sat in scorners' chair.
But in the Lord's pure law and will
Hath joyed with deep delight ;
His law, with serious heart and still,
Hath pondered day and night.
He shall be like some pleasant tree
By river's brink that's seen ;
His fruit in season yieldeth he,
His leaf shall aye be green.
For sure the Eternal Eye will mark
The good man's work and way ;
But ways of sinners, in the dark
For ever lost are they.

METRICAL PSALMS.

There be many that say, Who will show us any good? Psalm iv,

202. O WHO will shew us any good?

32

Is that which many say :
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.

Upon my heart, bestowed by Thee,
More gladness I have found
Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine
Did most with them abound.

I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take ;
Because Thou only me to dwell
In safety, Lord, dost make.

My voice shalt thou hear betimes, O Lord. Psalm v.

203. LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear

16

My voice ascending high ;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy loved courts restore,
I'll fix my longing heart on Thee,
And humbly there adore.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

O Lord our Governor : how excellent is thy Name in all the world !
Psalm viii.

204. O THOU, to whom all creatures bow

80

Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !

METRICAL PSALMS.

In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there ;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Lord, what is man that Thou so lov'st
To keep him in thy mind ;
Or what his offspring, that Thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind ?

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou !
How glorious is thy Name !

Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle ? Psalm xv.

205. LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there.

The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands ;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows His commands.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will not believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor :
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

METRICAL PSALMS.

I have set God always before me. Psalm xvi.

206. BEFORE me still the Lord I set :

¹¹ Sith it is so that He
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory doth rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free,
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.

Thou wilt me show the path of life :
Of joys there is full store
Before thy face ; at thy right hand
Are pleasures evermore.

He bowed the heavens also, and came down. Psalm xviii.

207. THE Lord descended from above,
⁷ And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

For who is God, except the Lord ?
For other there is none :
Or else who is Omnipotent,
Saying our God alone ?

METRICAL PSALMS.

The heavens declare the glory of God. Psalm xix.

- 208.** THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
23 Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill :
The dawn of each revolving day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires :
But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all !

-
- b.** God's law is perfect, and converts
23 The soul in sin that lies ;
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise :
The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart ;
The Lord's commands are pure, and light
They to the eyes impart.

They more than gold, yea, much fine gold,
To be desired are ;
Than honey, honey from the comb
That droppeth, sweeter far.
Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame :
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- c. THE heavens are telling high and wide
24 The glory of the Lord,
The firmament and deeps of air
His handiwork record.

Day speaks to day, a gushing fount
Of praise that cannot fail :
Day unto day, and night to night,
Tells out the wondrous tale.

No sound, no converse ; all unheard
The solemn voice they send :
Their line goes out o'er all the earth,
Their words to the world's end.

God's law is perfect and entire,
To win the wandering mind ;
God's witness is for ever sure,
To teach the simple kind.

O cleanse me from my secret faults ;
And let my thought and word
Accepted rise to Thee my Rock,
And my redeeming Lord.

The Lord is my shepherd. Psalm xxiii.

209. THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
18 He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for his own Name's sake.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill :
For Thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

- b. THE Lord's my Shepherd, therefore I
s Shall know no anxious need ;
By pastures green He makes me lie,
In pastures green to feed.
He leads me where the waters glide,
The waters soft and still ;
And homeward He will gently guide
My wandering heart and will.
Yea, e'en through death's dark vale, my God,
I'll pass, from danger free ;
Thy shepherd's staff, thy guiding rod,
Shall stay and comfort me.
My table Thou hast richly spread
In presence of my foes ;
Thou dost with oil anoint my head,
And my cup overflows.
Mercy and love shall surely wait
Through all my life on me ;
And I within my Father's gate
For evermore shall be.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- o. THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
24 Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass He makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

The earth is the Lord's, and all that therein is. Psalm xxiv.

210. THE earth is God's, the earth with all
16 Her fulness and her store ;
The Sovereign He of this round world,
And all that range it o'er :
For He hath based it deep and strong
On seas that heave and flow ;
The Lord hath built the solid earth
On weltering floods below.

Who shall the hill of God ascend ?
Who fearless rise on high,
And stand in the most holy place
Beneath the All-seeing Eye ?
The clean in hand, the pure in heart,
These, these with Thee shall dwell ;
This is the race that seek thy face,
Thou God of Israel !

METRICAL PSALMS.

Ye gates eternal, lift your heads,
Lift up your heads on high !
The King of Glory would come in,
Come in triumphantly.
Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Strong and Mighty Lord ;
The Mighty Lord, in battle strong,
And trial of the sword.

Ye gates eternal, lift your heads,
Lift up your heads on high !
The King of Glory would come in,
Come in triumphantly.
Who is the King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord of Hosts is He ;
He first, He last, He evermore
Shall King of Glory be.

One thing have I desired of the Lord. Psalm xxvii.

1. ONE thing I of the Lord desired,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
Within God's house remain :

That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
May reverently enquire.

For He in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days ;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.

Wait on the Lord, and be thou strong,
And He shall strength afford
Unto thine heart ; yea, do thou wait,
I say, upon the Lord.

METRICAL PSALMS.

It is the Lord that commandeth the waters. Psalm xxix

- 212.** THE Lord's voice on the waters is ;
7 The God of majesty
Doth thunder, and on multitudes
Of waters sitteth He.

A powerful voice it is that comes
Out from the Lord most High ;
The voice of that great Lord is full
Of glorious majesty.

The voice of the Eternal doth
Asunder cedars tear ;
Yea, God the Lord doth cedars break
That Lebanon doth bear.

The counsel of the Lord shall endure for ever. Psalm xxxiii.

- 213.** O BUT the counsel of the Lord
8 Doth stand for ever sure ;
And of his heart the purposes
From age to age endure.

Behold, on them that do Him fear
The Lord doth set his eye ;
Even them that on his mercy do
With confidence rely :

From death to free their soul, in dearth
Life unto them to yield ;
Our soul doth wait upon the Lord,
He is our help and shield !

Sith in his Holy Name we trust,
Our heart shall joyful be :
Lord, let thy mercy be on us,
As we do hope in Thee.

METRICAL PSALMS.

I will always give thanks unto the Lord. Psalm xxxiv.

- 214.** ⁶ THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,

The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his Name ;
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance He affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens. Psalm xxxv.

- 215.** ²⁴ THY mercy, Lord, is in the heavens,

Thy truth doth reach the clouds ;
Thy justice is like mountains great,
Thy judgments deep as floods:
Lord, thou preservest man and beast,
How precious is thy grace !
Therefore in shadow of thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place.

They with the fatness of thy house
Shall be well satisfied ;
From rivers of thy pleasures Thou
Wilt drink to them provide :
Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with Thee ;
And in that purest light of thine
We clearly light shall see.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Put thou thy trust in the Lord. Psalm xxvii.

216. ²⁶ SET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good ;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.

Delight thyself in God ; He'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee :
Thy way to God commit, Him trust,
It bring to pass shall He.

And, like unto the light, He shall
Thy righteousness display ;
And He thy judgment shall bring forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

I waited patiently for the Lord. Psalm xl.

217. ¹⁸ I WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear ;
At length to me He did incline
My voice and cry to hear.

He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock He set my feet,
-Establishing my way.

He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify :
Many shall see it and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders Thou hast done ;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. Psalm xli.

8. HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life with blessings crowned,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,
Opprest with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Like as the hart desireth the water-brooks. Psalm xlii.

9. As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine:
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O send out thy light and thy truth. Psalm xliii.

220. LET me with light and truth be blest,
2 Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

Why then cast down, my soul, and why
So much oppress with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

God is our hope and strength. Psalm xli.

221. GOD is our refuge and our stay;
6 A present help in danger's day;
Therefore we will not fear!
Though the earth move, the rocks be rent,
And headlong to the sea be sent,
And wild its waves appear.

There is a stream whose waters still
With joy the holy city fill,
Where God hath set his throne;
God is her helper, she shall stand,
God shall uphold her with his hand,
Right early help his own.

Be still, and know that I am God:
The isles (saith He) shall feel my rod,
And Me the earth obey!
We need not fear the foeman's pride,
The Lord of Hosts is on our side,
And Jacob's God our stay.

- b. God is our refuge and our Friend,
 5 A very present help is He;
 We fear not though the mountains bend,
 And earthquakes mingle land and sea :
 When waves beat high against the shore,
 And skies are dark, and tempests roar,
 For shelter to our God we flee.

Wild as the sea, tumultuous bands
 Against the hill of God conspire ;
 Jehovah's might their rage withstands,
 And bids the wave of war retire :
 To guard his own the Lord is near ;
 He snaps the bow, and breaks the spear,
 And burns the chariot in the fire.

Have mercy upon me, O God. Psalm li.

222. HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 5 As Thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, with sore transgression prest,
 Thy wonted mercy find :
 For I my faults confess,
 My sin I ever see ;
 After thy loving-kindness great
 Have mercy, Lord, on me.

Thou seek'st not sacrifice,
 Else were it gladly given ;
 But bleeding victims naught delight
 The Majesty of Heaven :
 A troubled soul to God
 Is pleasing sacrifice ;
 A broken and a contrite heart
 Thou never wilt despise !

METRICAL PSALMS.

Set up Thyself, O God, above the heavens. Psalm lvi.

223. BE Thou, O God, exalted high ;
12 And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory ! harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

O God, Thou art my God. Psalm lxi.

224. O God, Thou art my God alone :
15 Early to Thee my soul shall cry ;
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth compared with Thee ?

METRICAL PSALMS.

Thou, O God, art praised in Sion. Psalm lxxv.

225. PRAISE waits for Thee in Sion, Lord :

28

To Thee vows paid shall be :
O Thou that Hearer art of prayer,
All flesh shall come to Thee.

The circling year most liberally
Thou dost with goodness crown ;
And all thy paths abundantly
On us drop fatness down.

They drop upon the pastures wide
That do in deserts lie ;
The little hills on every side
Rejoice right pleasantly.

With flocks the pastures clothèd be,
The vales with corn are clad ;
And now they shout and sing to Thee,
For Thou hast made them glad.

b. O Thou, who to my humble prayer
14 Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To Thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
For Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

By wondrous acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found ;
In Thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.

Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
And, where thy glorious paths appear,
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- c. PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits ;
1 Prayer shall besiege thy temple-gates ;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
O Thou that Hearer art of prayer.

Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail ;
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail :
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
Our steadfast hope is stayed on Thee !

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills ;
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
Evening and morning hymn thy praise,
And earth thy bounty wide displays.

The year is with thy goodness crowned ;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

God be merciful unto us and bless us. Psalm lxvii.

226. To bless thy chosen race,
2 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wondrous ways
May through the world be known ;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let nations praise Thee, Lord ;
Let people all Thee praise !
O let the nations all be glad
In God most High always !

METRICAL PSALMS.

They that dwell in the wilderness shall kneel before Him. Psalm lxxii.

227. ARABIA's desert-ranger

6 To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see :
With offerings of devotion
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend ;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end :
The dews of heaven shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest ;
From age to age all-glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest :
The tide of time shall never
His fixed dominion move ;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His holiest Name of Love !

METRICAL PSALMS.

Nevertheless I am alway by Thee. Psalm lxxiii.

228. YET still thy presence me supplied,
10 And thy right hand assistance gave :
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

Whom then in heaven, but Thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require ?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I beside Thee can desire.

My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

Turn us again, Thou God of hosts. Psalm lxxx.

229. Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
6 The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

To thee, O God of hosts, we pray ;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew ;
From Heaven thy throne this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The lustre of thy face display ;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O how amiable are thy dwellings. Psalm lxxxiv.

330. O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
81 How lovely is the place
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face !

My thirsty soul longs vehemently,
Yea fains, thy courts to see ;
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for Thee.

For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

b. How lovely are thy dwellings, Lord,
6 From noise and trouble free !
How beautiful the sweet accord
Of souls that worship Thee !

Through shady vales their course they take,
Where pleasant streamlets flow ;
The springs gush forth their thirst to slake,
As they to Sion go.

They journey on from strength to strength,
With joy and gladsome cheer,
Till all before our God at length
In Sion do appear.

For God the Lord, our sun and shield,
Gives grace and glory bright ;
No good from them shall be withheld
Whose ways are just and right.

Lord God of hosts, that reign'st on high,
That man is truly blest
Who doth on Thee alone rely,
On Thee alone doth rest.

METRICAL PSALMS.

c. LORD of the worlds above,
2 How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are :
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

O happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise Thee still ;
And happy they
That love the way
To Sion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears :
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Turn us, O God our Saviour. Psalm lxxv.

- 231.** God of our saving health and peace,
17 Turn us, and us restore ;
Thine indignation cause to cease,
And thy displeasure sore.

Truth from the earth, like to a flower,
Shall bud and blossom then ;
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.

The Lord will come, and not be slow ;
His footsteps cannot err :
Before Him Righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.

God is very greatly to be feared in the council of the saints.
Psalm lxxxix.

- 232.** WITH reverence let the saints appear,
12 And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands attentive hear,
And tremble at his word.

Thy words, O God, the wind control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Go forth before thy face.

METRICAL PSALMS.

b. O GREATLY blessed the people are,
20 The joyful sound that know ;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.

They in thy Name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly ;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.

For God is our defence ; and He
To us doth safety bring :
The Holy One of Israel
Is our Almighty King.

The Lord is King, and hath put on glorious apparel. Psalm xciii.

233. WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
5 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see !
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

METRICAL PSALMS.

b. God the Lord a King remaineth,
c Robed in his own glorious light ;
God hath robed Him, and He reigneth,
He hath girded him with might :
Alleluia !
God is King in depth and height.

In her everlasting station
Earth is poised, to swerve no more ;
Thou hast laid thy throne's foundation,
From all time where thought can soar :
Alleluia !
Lord Thou art for evermore.

Lord, the water-floods have lifted,
Ocean-floods have lift their roar ;
Now they pause where they have drifted,
Now they burst upon the shore :
Alleluia !
For the ocean's sounding store.

With all tones of water blending
Glorious is the breaking deep ;
Glorious, wondrous without ending,
God who reigns on Heaven's high steep :
Alleluia !
Songs of ocean never sleep.

Lord, the words thy lips are telling
Are the perfect verity ;
Of thine high eternal dwelling
Holiness shall inmate be :
Alleluia !
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands. Psalm c:

234. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed :
Without our aid He did us make :
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

b. WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chooses for his own,
The flock that He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his Name with praises bless.

For He's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure :
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- c. BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
13 Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High to the Heaven our voices raise;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

When the Lord shall build up Sion. Psalm cii.

235. God in his glory shall appear
14 When Sion He builds and repairs;
He shall regard and lend his ear
Unto the needy's humble prayers.

The afflicted's prayer He will not scorn,
All times this shall be on record;
And generations yet unborn
Shall praise and magnify the Lord.

He from his holy place looked down,
The earth He viewed from Heaven on high,
To hear the prisoner's mourning groan,
And free them that are doomed to die.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Praise the Lord, O my soul. Psalm ciii.

236. THE Lord abounds with tender love,
9 And unexhausted acts of grace ;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always sharply chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

b. O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord ;
10 And all that in me is
Be stirrèd up his holy Name
To magnify and bless.

Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far,
So great to those that do Him fear
His tender mercies are.

As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath He
From us removèd, in his love,
All our iniquity.

Such pity as a father hath
Unto his children dear ;
Like pity shews the Lord to such
As worship Him in fear.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O give thanks unto the Lord, and call upon his Name. Psalm cv.

237. O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;

22

Invoke his sacred Name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His wondrous deeds proclaim.

Rejoice in his Almighty Name ;
Alone to be adored ;
And let their heart o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord : his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And, where He's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

The Lord is high above all heathen. Psalm cxlii.

238. O'ER all nations God alone,
1 Higher than the heavens his throne ;
Who is like to God Most High,
Infinite in Majesty !

He who bade the watery deep
Under earth's foundation sleep,
And the orbs that gild the pole
Through the boundless ether roll !

Lo ! to view the heaven He bends,
Yea, to earth He condescends ;
Raising up the poor to stand
With the princes of the land.

He the broken spirit cheers,
Turns to joy the mourner's tears :
Such the wonders of his ways !
Praise his Name, for ever praise !

METRICAL PSALMS.

I am well pleased that the Lord hath heard the voice of my prayer.
Psalm cxvi.

239. I LOVE the Lord ; He lent an ear,
3 When I his help implored ;
He rescued me from all my fear,
Therefore I love the Lord.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness called thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?

The cup of blessing to my mouth
With grateful hand I'll raise ;
And in thy public courts shew forth
My sacrifice of praise.

Henceforth to Thee myself I give,
And on thy grace rely,
To walk before Thee while I live,
To bless Thee when I die.

O praise the Lord, all ye heathen. Psalm cxvii.

240. WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
21 To Heaven their voices raise :
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- b. FROM all that dwell below the skies
8 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the All-Holy Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord !
Eternal truth attends thy Word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Blessed are those that are undefiled in the way. Psalm cxix.

241. BLESSED are they who constant keep

- 6 The pure and perfect way ;
Who in the law of God delight,
Nor from his precepts stray !

Blessèd are they whose steadfast steps
Are to his paths inclined ;
And who do seek the Living God
With their whole heart and mind !

How shall a youth make clear his course ?
How thread the tangled way ?
'Tis but to watch thy will, O Lord,
To watch it and obey.

Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not Thee :
O Thou that ever-blessèd art,
Thy statutes teach Thou me !

METRICAL PSALMS.

- b. ACCORDING to thy promised grace,
6 Thy favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control ;
Thy word, when troubles hemmed me round,
Revived my fainting soul.

Before affliction stopped my course,
My footsteps went astray ;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

- c. FOR ever, and for ever, Lord,
6 Unchanged Thou dost remain :
Thy word, established in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immovable shall stand,
Firm as the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy Almighty hand.

All things the course by Thee ordained
E'en to this day fulfil ;
They are the faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- d. Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
6 The way of truth to show ;
A watch-light to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

Let thy strong hand make help to me :
Thy precepts are my choice :
I long for thy salvation, Lord,
And in thy law rejoice.

I, like a lost sheep, went astray ;
Thy servant seek, and find :
For thy commands I suffer not
To slip out of my mind.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. Psalm cxxi.

242. I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
12 From whence doth come mine aid,
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Thy foot He'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps ;
Behold, He that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.

The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay ;
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.

The Lord shall keep thy soul : He shall
Preserve thee from all ill ;
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

METRICAL PSALMS.

I was glad when they said unto me. Psalm cxxil.

- 243.** O 'T'WAS a joyful sound to hear
22 Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day :
'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his throne to celebrate
His Name with praise and prayer.
- O pray we then for Salem's peace,
For blessed shall they be,
Thou holy city of our God !
Who bear true love to thee :
Peace for my brethren dear I'll pray,
But most I'll wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord. Psalm cxxx.

- 244.** FROM lowest depths of woe
6 To God I sent my cry ;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.
- I wait for God, I wait ;
My hope is in his word :
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord.
- More than they that do watch
The morning light to see !
O hope ye ever in the Lord,
For merciful is He !
- O hope ye in the Lord,
Your Saviour and your stay !
For He shall hear his people's prayer,
And wash our guilt away.

METRICAL PSALMS.

- b. FROM deeps so dark and drear
3 I call Thee, Lord most High ;
Lord, hear my prayer, bow down thine ear,
Receive my mournful cry.
If Thou didst bear in mind
All evil deeds, O Lord,
Who might abide ? But Thou art kind,
With Thee is pardon stored.
With Thee is pardon stored,
Thine holy fear to aid ;
I stayed for mine Almighty Lord,
My soul in quiet stayed.
E'en for His word and will
I waited patiently ;
My heavenward soul is seeking still
My sovereign Lord on high.
My soul is heavenward borne ;
Less eagerly they wait
Who watch the morning-watch, till morn
Unbar the glorious gate.

Behold how good and joyful a thing it is. Psalm cxxxiii.

245. BEHOLD how good a thing it is,
19 How fair a sight to see,
When brethren all together dwell
In love and unity !
'Tis like the precious ointment poured
On Aaron's reverend head,
Which on his beard ran down, and o'er
His priestly garments spread.
As Hermon's dew, as dew that doth
On Sion's hills descend :
For there the blessing God commands,
Life that shall never end.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O Lord, Thou hast searched me out, and known me. Psalm cxxxix.

246. THOU, Lord, with searching glance hast known

¹³ My rising up and lying down ;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand ;
O skill, for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,
If evil lurks in any part ;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

b. **ALL-SEARCHING** God, thine eye divine

²⁶ My inmost soul can see ;
And every thought and act of mine
Is open, Lord, to Thee.

When up I rise, or down I lie,
Still Thou art by my side ;
Nor can I from thy presence fly,
Or from thy Spirit hide.

If on the wings of morn I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Still shall thy hand my footsteps lead,
Thine arm my path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

Search Thou, O God, this heart of mine,
Its inmost workings see ;
And if it e'er to ill incline,
O bring it back to Thee !

METRICAL PSALMS.

Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help. Psalm cxlvi.

247. THE Lord, who made both heaven and earth
24 And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

The poor opprest, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

By Him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fallen He rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
The orphan's help is He :
Thy God, O Sion, reigns alway,
Thy refuge sure to be !

O praise the Lord. Psalm cxlvii.

248. PRAISE ye the Lord ; for it is good
7 Praise to our God to sing :
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.

Those that are broken in their heart,
And grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly up-binds.

He counts the number of the stars ;
He names them every one :
Great is our Lord, and of great power ;
His wisdom search can none.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O praise the Lord of heaven. Psalm cxlviii.

249. PRAISE the Lord ; ye heavens adore Him !
Praise Him, Angels in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him !
Praise Him, all ye stars of light !
Heaven of Heavens, let praise far-swelling
From thy thousand orbs be sent !
Join the strain, ye waters dwelling
In the lower firmament.

Winds that sweep in wild commotion,
Winds and storms, your voices raise !
Lift thine Alleluias, Ocean,
Peal aloud thy Maker's praise !
Every tribe, and tongue, and nation,
Swell with joy the high acclaim ;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his Name !

- b. YE who dwell above the skies,
4 Free from human miseries ;
Ye, whom highest Heaven contains,
Praise our God in lofty strains ;
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by his word.

Praise Him, princes of the earth ;
All of high or humble birth ;
Youths and maidens flourishing
In the beauty of your spring :
Ye with weight of age opprest,
Ye that cling to mother-breast.

METRICAL PSALMS.

Praise his Name with one consent ;
Wonderful and excellent !
Than the deep profounder far,
Higher than the highest star :
Merciful are all his ways :
Ye his servants sound his praise.

- c. Ye boundless realms of joy,
2 Exalt your Maker's Name !
In praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day ;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy Name,
By whose Almighty Word
They all from nothing came :
And all shall last,
From changes free ;
His high decree
Stands ever fast.

METRICAL PSALMS.

O praise God in his holiness. Psalm cl.

250. PRAISE ye God in Heaven most high :
c Praise Him in the starry sky.

Praise Him in his wondrous might :
In his glory infinite.

Praise Him with the trumpet-call ;
Praise Him with the lute's soft fall :

Praise Him in his deeds of wonder
With the mighty organ's thunder.

All that live, with one accord,
Praise your Maker, praise the Lord !

b. O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
c From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise Him in Heaven, where He his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows :
Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

To praise awake each tuneful string,
Harmonious let the rapture rise ;
And let the solemn organ sing
Its glad thanksgiving to the skies :
Let all that vital breath enjoy
The breath He does to them afford
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.



Gloria Patri.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory ; as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory ; as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, Angelic Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





THY CREATURES HAVE BEEN MY BOOKS, BUT THY
SCRIPTURES MUCH MORE. I HAVE SOUGHT THEE IN
THE COURTS, FIELDS, AND GARDENS; BUT I HAVE
FOUND THEE IN THY TEMPLES.—*Bacon.*



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